

Tactus.

Tactus.

Cam. e. 657. 2

Lingua:

OR

The Combat of the
T · O N G U E,
AND THE
Five SENSES

FOR
SUPERIORITY.

A Serious

C O M O E D Y.

First Acted at *Trinity Colledge in Cambridge:*

After at the FREE-SCHOOL at

H U N T I N G T O N.

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LINGUA.

DRAMMATICIS Personar.

LINGUA. _____ { COMEDUS.
AUDITUS. _____ { TRAGÆDUS.

MENDACIO, LINGUA his Page.

TACTUS. _____ { ODOR
OLFACTUS. _____ { TOBACCO.

_____ { LUMEN.
_____ { COELUM.
VISUS. _____ { TERRA.
_____ { HERALDRY.
_____ { COLOR.

_____ { BACCHUS.
GUSTUS. _____ { CÉRÈS.
_____ { BEERE.

APPETITUS a Parasite.

PHANTASTES.

HEURESIS, PHANTASTES his Page.

CRAPULA, GUSTUS his Follower.

COMMUNIS SENSUS.

MEMORIA.

ANAMNESTES, MEMORIE his Page.

SOMNUS.

_____ { PSENCE.
Persona quarum mentio tantum fit. { ARCASIA.
_____ { VERITAS.
_____ { OBLIVIO.

The Scene is MICROCOSMUS in a Grove.

The Time, from Morning till night.

Prologue.

Our Muse describes no Lovers passion,
No wretched Father, no unthrifty Son:
No craving subtile Whore, or shamelesß Bawd,
Nor stubborn Clown, or daring Parasite,
No lying Servant, or bold Sycophant.
We are not wanton, or Satyricall.
These have their time and places fit, but we
Sad hours, and serious studies, to reprove,
Have taught severe Phylosophy to smile.
The Senses rash contentions we compose,
And give displeas'd ambitious TONGUE her due:
Here's all Fudicious friends; accept what is not ill,
Who are not such, let them do what they will.

Actus



Actus I. Scena I.

L I N G U A, *apparelled in a Crimson Sattin gown, a Dressing of White Roses, a little Skean tyed in a purple Skarf, a pair of red Buskins drawn with white Ribband, silk garters, gloves, &c.*

A U D I T U S, *in a Garland of Bayes intermingled with red and white Roses upon a false bayr, a cloath of Silver Mantle upon a pair of Sattin Bases, wrought sleeves, Buskins, Gloves, &c.*

L I N G U A. A U D I T U S.

L I N G. **N**ay good *Auditus* do but hear me speak.

A U D. *Lingua* thou strik'st too much upon one Thy tedious plain-song grates my tender ears. (string,

L I N G. 'Tis plain indeed, for Truth no descant needs, *Una's* her name, she cannot be divided. (whence

A U D. O but the ground it self is nought, from Thou canst not relish out a good division :

Therefore at length surcease, prove not stark mad, Hopelesse to prosecute a haplesse sute :

For though (perchance) thy first strains pleasing are, I dare ingage mine ears, the cloze will jarre.

L I N G. If then your confidence esteem my cause, To be so frivolous and weakly wrought :

Why do you daily subtile plots devise,

L I N G U A.

To stop me from the ears of common Sense,
Whom since our great Queen *Psyche* hath ordain'd,
For his sound wisdom, our Vice-governour,
To him, and to his two so wise assistants,
Nimble *Phantastes*, and firm *Memorie* :
My self and cause, I humbly do commit,
Let them but hear and judg, I wish no more.

AUD. Should they but know thy rash presumption,
They would correct it in the sharpest sort :
Good *Jove* what Sense hast thou to be a Sense ;
Since from the first foundation of the world,
We never were accounted more then five ;
Yet you forsooth. an idle prating Dame,
Would faine increase the number, and up-start
To our high seats, decking your babling self
With usurpt Titles of our dignity.

LING. An idle prating dame : know fond *Auditus*,
Records affirm my title full as good,
As his amongst the five is counted best.

AUD. *Lingua* confess the truth, th'art wont to lie,

LING. I say so too, therefore I do not lye,
But now spite of you all I speak the truth.

You five among us subjects tyrannize,
Making the sacred name of common Sense,
A cloak to cover your enormities :
Hee bears the rule, hee's judg, but judgeth still,
As hee's informed by your false evidence :

So that a plaintiff cannot have access,
But through your gates he hears but what, nought els
But

L I N G U A.

But that thy crafty ears to him conveys,
 And all he sees is by proud *Visus* shewed him :
 And what he touches is by *Tactus* hand,
 And smels I know but through *Olfactus* nose,
Gustus begins to him what ere he tastes :
 By these quaint tricks free passage hath been barr'd
 That I could never equally be heard.
 But well, 'tis well.

AUD. *Lingua* thy feeble sex,
 Hath hitherto with-held my ready hands
 That long'd to pluck that nimble instrument.

LING. O horrible ingratitude? that thou
 That thou of all the rest should'st threaten me :
 Who by my means conceiv'st as many tongues,
 As *Neptune* closeth Lands betwixt his armes :
 The ancient *Hebrew* clad with mysteres,
 The learned *Greek* rich in fit Epithetes,
 Blest in the lovely marriage of pure words,
 The *Chaldee* Wise, the *Arabian* Physicall,
 The *Romane* Eloquent, the *Tuscan* Grave,
 The Braving *Spanish*, and the smooth tong'd *French*,
 These pretious Jewels that adorn thine ears,
 All from my mouthes rich Cabbiaet are stolne,
 How oft hast thou been chain'd unto my tongue,
 Hang'd at my lips and ravisht with my words,
 So that a speech fair fether'd could not flie :
 But thy ears pit-fall caught it instantly,
 But now O Heavens !

AUD. O Heavens, thou wrong'st me much,

L I N G U A.

Thou wrong'st me much thus falsely to upbraid me :
 Had not I granted thee the use of hearing,
 That sharp edg'd tongue whetted against her master,
 Those puffing lungs, those teeth, those dropsie lips,
 That scalding throat, those nostrils full of ire :
 Thy palate proper instruments of speech,
 Like to the winged chanters of the wood,
 Uttring nought else but idle stilements,
 Tunes without sense, words inarticulate :
 Had ne're been able t'have abus'd me thus.
 Words are thy Children, but of my begetting.

L I N G. Perfidious Liar, how can I endure thee ?
 Cal'st my unspotted chastity in Question :
 O could I use the Breath mine anger spends,
 I'de make thee know.

A U D. Heaven look on my distresse,
 Defend me from this railing viperesse :
 For if I stay her words, sharp vinegar
 Will fret me through, *Lingua* I must be gone :
 I hear one call me more then earnestly. *Exit Auditus.*

L I N G. Nay the loud cannoning of thunder-bolts,
 Screeking of Wolves, howling of tortur'd Ghosts,
 Pursue thee still, and fill thy amazed ears
 With cold astonishment and horrid fears :
 O how these senses muffle common sense :
 And more, and more with pleasing objects strive,
 To dull his judgement, and pervert his will
 To their be-hefts, who were he not so wrapt
 I' the dusky clouds of their dark policies,

Would

L I N G U A.

Would never suffer right to suffer wrong :
 Fie *Lingua* wilt thou now degenerate?
 Art not a woman, dost not love revenge?
 Delightfull speeches, sweet perswasions
 I have this long time us'd to get my right,
 My right that is to make the Senses fix ;
 And have both name and power with the rest.
 Oft have I seasoned savory periods,
 With sugred words, to delude *Gustus* taste,
 And oft embelisht my entreative phrase
 With smelling flowers of vernant Rhetorique,
 Limming and flashing it with various Dyes,
 To draw proud *Visus* to me by the eyes :
 And oft perfum'd my petitory style,
 With Civet-speech, t' entrap *Olfactus* Nose,
 And clad my self in Silken Eloquence,
 To allure the nicer touch of *Tactus* hand,
 But all's become lost labour, and my cause
 Is still procrastinated ; therefore now,
 Hence ye base off-spring of a broken minde,
 Supple intreaties and smooth flatteries :
 Go kisse the love-sick lips of puling Guls,
 That still their Brain to quench their loves disdain ;
 Go guild the tongues of Bawds and Parasites,
 Come not within my thoughts ; But thou Deceit,
 Break up the pleasure of my Brim-full brest,
 Enrich my minde with subtile policies.
 Well then Ile go, whither ? nay, what know I ?
 And do, in faith-I will, the devil knows what,

What

L I N G U A.

What if I set them all at variance,
 And so obtain to speak, it must be so.
 It must be so, but how? there lyes the point:
 How? thus: but this device will never prove,
 Augment it so, 'twill be too soon descri'd,
 Or so, nor so 'tis too too dangerous.
 Pish, none of these, what if I take this course? ha?
 Why there it goes, good, good, most excellent.
 He that will catch Eels must disturb the flood,
 The Chicken's hatcht i' faith; for they are proud,
 And soon will take a cause of disagreement.

ACTUS I. SCENA. 2.

MENDACIO, *attired in a Taffata suit of a light colour changeable, like an ordinary Page, Gloves, Hamper.*

L I N G U A. M E N D A C I O.

L I N G. I see the heavens nurse my new-born device,
 For loe my Page *Mendacio* comes already,
 To file and burnish that I hammer'd out,
 Never in better time *Mendacio*,
 What? hast thou done?

M E N. Done, yes long agoe.

L I N G. Is't possible? thou should'st dispatch so soon?

M E N. Madame, I had no sooner told
Tactus, that *Gustus* would fain speak with him:
 But I spied *Visus*, *Gustus* and the rest,

And

L I N G U A.

And served them all with sauce of severall lyes,
Now the last Sense I spake with was *Olfaſtus*,
Who having ſmelt the meaning of my meſſage,
Straight blew his noſe, and quickly puſt me hither ;
But in the whirl-winde of his furious blaſt,
Had not by chance a Cobweb held me faſt,
Mendacio had been with you long ere this.

L I N G. Witneſs this lye, *Mendacio*'s with me now,
But ſirra out of jeſting will they come ?

M E N D. Yes and it like your Ladyſhip preſently ;
Here may you have me preſt to flatter them.

L I N G. I'le flatter no ſuch proud Companions.
'Twill do no good, therefore I am determin'd
To leave ſuch baſeneſs.

M E N. Then ſhall I turn and bid them ſtay at home.

L I N G. No, for their coming hither to this grove,
Shall be a means to further my device ;
Therefore I pray thee *Mendacio* go preſently,
Run you vile Ape.

M E N. Whither ?

L I N G. What ? doſt thou ſtand ?

M E N. Till I know what to doe.

L I N G. S. pretious 'tis true,
So might thou finely out-run thine errand.
Haſt to my Cheſt.

M E N. I, I.

L I N G. There ſhalt thou find,
A gorgeous Robe, and golden Coronet,
Convey them hither nimble, let none ſee them.

M E N.

L I N G U A.

M E N. Madam, I fly, I fly. *Exit Mendacio.*

L I N G. But here you sirra?

Lock up your fellow Servant, *Veritas.*

M E N D. I warrant you,

You need not fear, so long as I am with you.

He goes out, and comes in presently.

What colour is the Robe?

L I N G. There is but one. *Mendacio going, turns*

M E N. The Key Madam, the Key. *(in haste.)*

L I N G. By *Juno* how forgetfull is sudden speed.

Here take it, Runne.

M E N. Ile be here instantly. *Exit Mendacio.*

ACT.1. SCEN.3.

L I N G U A *Sola.*

(ment,

L I N G. Whilome this Crown and gorgeous orna-
Were the great prize, for which five Orators,
With the sharp weapons of their tongues contended:
But all their speeches were so equal wrought,
And a-like gracious, that if his were witty
His was as wise; the thirds fair eloquence
Did paralell the fourths firm gravity,
The lasts good gesture kept the Balance even
With all the rest, so that the sharpest eye,
And most judicious censor could not judge
To whom the hanging victory should fall,
Therefore with one consent they all agreed,

To

LINGUA.

To offer up both Crown and Robe to me,
As the chief patronesse of their profession,
Which heretofore I holily have kept,
Like to a misers gold, to look on onely.
But now Ile put them to a better use,
And venture both in hope to——

ACT. I. SCEN. 4.

MENDACIO. LINGUA.

MEND. Have not I hied me Madam? look you here,
What shall be done with these temptations?

LING. They say a golden Ball,
Bred enmity betwixt three Goddesses,
So shall this Crown be author of debate,
Betwixt five Senses.

MEND. Where shall it be laid?

LING. There, there, there, 'tis well, so, so, so.

MEND. A Crown's a pleasing bait to look upon,
The craftiest Fox will hardly scape this trap.

LING. Come let us away, & leave it to the chance.

MEND. Nay rather let me stand close hereabouts,
And see the event.

LING. Do so, and if they doubt
How it came there, faine them some pritty fable,
How that some God——

MEND. Tut, tut, tut, let me alone,
I that have fained so many hundred Gods,
Can easily forge some fable for the turn:

Whist

LINGUA.

Whist Madame, away, away, you fright the Fowl,
Tactus comes hard by, look you,

LING. Is't he for certain?

MEND. Yes, yes, yes, 'tis he.

LING. 'Tis he indeed.

Exit Lingua.

ACT. I. SCEN. 5.

TACTUS, in a dark coloured Sattin mantle over a pair of silk Bafis, a Garland of Bayes mixt with White and red Roses, upon a black Grogram, a Faulchion, wrought sleeves, Buskins, &c.

MENDACIO. TACTUS.

MEN. Now chaste *Diana* grant my Nets to hold!

TACT. The blasting Childhood of the cheerful morn
Is almost grown a youth and over-climbes
Yonder gilt Eastern hills, about which time,
Gustus most earnestly importuned me,
To meet him hereabouts, what cause I know not.

MEN. You shall do shortly to your cost I hope.

TACT. Sure by the Sunne it should be Nine a clock.

MEN. What a Star-gazer, will you nere look down?

TACT. Cleer is the Sunne and blew the Firmament,
Me thinks the Heavens do smile. *Tactus Sneezeth.*

———MEN. At thy mishap.
To look so high and stumble in a trap.

Tactus stumbleth at the Robe and Crown.

TAC.

L I N G U A.

T A C. High thoughts have slippery feet, I had well nie

M E N. Well doth he fall that riseth with a fall. (faln.)

T A C T. What's this !

M E N. O are you taken, 'tis in vain to strive.

T A C T. How now !

M E N. You'l be so entangled straight.

T A C T. A Crown !

M E N. That it will be heard.

T A C T. And a Robe !

M E N. To lose your self.

T A C T. A Crown and a Robe.

M E N. It had been fitter for you, to have found a
Fools Coate and a Bable, hey, hey.

T A C. *Jupiter, Jupiter* how came this here ?

M E N. O Sir *Jupiter* is making Thunder, he hears
you not, here's one knowes better.

T A C. 'Tis wondrous rich, ha, but sure it is not so, ho,
Do I not sleep and dream of this good luck, ha ?

N o I am awake and feel it now

Whose should it be ?

He takes it up.

M E N. Set up a *Siquis* for it.

T A C. *Mercury*, All's mine own, here's none to cry
half's mine.

M E N. When I am gone.

Exit Mendacio.

ACT. I.

LINGUA.

ACT. I. SCEN. 6.

TACTUS *solus.*

TACT. *Tactus* thy sneezing somewhat did portend,
Was ever man so fortunate as I?
To break his shinnes at such a stumbling Block.
Roses and Baies pack hence : this Crown and Robe,
My Brows and Body circles and invests.
How gallantly it fits me, sure the slave,
Measur'd my head that wrought this Coronet.
They lie that say Complexions cannot change :
My Blood's ennobled, and I am transform'd,
Unto the sacred temper of a King :
Methink I here my noble Parasites
Styling me *Cesar*, or great *Alexander*,
Licking my feet, and wondring where I got
This pretious oyntment : how my pace is mended,
How Princely do I speak, how sharp I threaten :
Peasants Ile curb your head-strong impudence :
And make you tremble when the Lion roars,
Yea earth-bred worms, O for a looking glasse :
Poets will write whole Volumes of this Change :
Where's my attendants? Come hither *Sirra* quickly,
Or by the wings of *Hermes*. —————

ACT.

LINGUA.

ACT. I. SCEN. 7.

OLFACTUS, in a Garland of Bayes intermingled
With white and red Roses upon a false hair, his sleeves
wrought with flowers under a Damask mantle over
a pair of silk Bases, a pair of Buskins drawn with
riband, a flower in his hand.

TACTUS. OLFACTUS.

TACT. Ayme *Olfaetus* comes, I cal'd too soon,
Hee'l have half part I fear, what shall I do?
Where shall I run? how shall I shift him off?

*Tactus wraps up the Robe and Crown,
and sits upon them.*

OLF. This is the time and this the place appointed,
Where *Visus* promis'd to conferre with me.

I think he's there — No, no, 'tis *Tactus* sure.

How now? What makes you sit so nicely?

TACT. It's past imagination, it's so indeed.

OLF. How fast his deeds are fixed, and how melan-
cholly he looks. *Tactus, Tactus.*

TACT. For this is true, Mans life is wondrous brittle.

OLF. He's mad I think, he talks so idly, so ho, *Tactus.*

TACT. And many have been metamorphosed,
To stranger matters and more uncouth forms.

OLF. I must go nearer him, he doth not hear.

TACT. And yet methinks, I speak as I was wont
And ———

B

OLF.

L I N G U A.

OLF. *Tactus, Tactus.*

TACT. *Olfactus* as thou lovest come not near me,

OLF. Why? art thou hatching eggs th'art feard to break them?

TACT. Touch me not lest thou chance to break my

OLF. What's this under thee? (life.

TACT. If thou meddle with me I am utterly undone

OLF. Why man, what ayls thee?

TACT. Let me alone and Ile tell thee,
Lately I came from fine *Fantastes* house.

OLF. So I beleeve for th'art very foolish.

TACT. No sooner had I parted out of doors,
But up I held my hands before my face:
To shield mine eyes from th'lights piercing beams,
When I protest I saw the Sun as clear,
Through these my palms, as through a prospective:
No marvel, for when I beheld my fingers,
I saw my fingers near transform'd to glasse,
Opening my Breast, my Breast was like a window,
Through which I plainly did perceive my heart:
In whose two Concaves I discern'd my thoughts,
Confus'dly lodged in great multitudes.

OLF. Ha, ha, ha, why this is excellent,
Momus himself can find no fault with thee,
Thou'lt make a passing live *Anatomy*.
And decide the Question much disputed,
Betwixt the *Galenists* and *Aristotle*.

TACT. But when I had arriv'd and set me down,
Viewing my self, my self ay me was changed.

L I N G U A.

As thou now see'st to a perfect Urinal.

OLF. T'a perfect Urinal, O monstrous, monstrous,
art not mad to think so?

TACT. I do not think so, but I say I am so;
Therefore *Olfactus* come not near I advise you.

OLF. See the strange working of dull melancholly;
Whose drossie drying the feeble Brain,
Corrupts the sense, deludes the Intellect.
And in the souls fair table falsly graves,
Whole squadrons of phantastical *Chimera's*,
And thousand vain imaginations:

Making some think their heads as big as horses,
Some that th'ar dead, some that th'ar turn'd to Wolves:
As now it makes him think himself all glasse,
Tactus dissuade thy self, thou dost but think so.

TACT. *Olfactus* if thou lovest me get thee gone,
I am an Urinal I dare not stirre,
For fear of cracking in the Bottome.

OLF. Wilt thou sit thus all day?

TACT. Unlesse thou help me. (do?)

OLF. Bedlam must help thee, what wouldst have me

TACT. Go to the City make a Case fit for me:

Stuff it with wool, then come again and fetch.

OLF. Ha, ha, ha, thou'lt be laught out of case and
countenance.

TACT. I care not, so it must be, or I cannot stirre.

OLF. I had best leave troubling him, he's obstinate,
(Urinal I leave you) but above all things take heed
Jupiter sees you not, for if he do, he'll nere make

L I N G U A.

water in five again; thou'lt serve his turn so fit to carry his water unto *Æsculapius*, Farewell Urinal, Farewell.

TACT. Speak not so lowd, the sound's enough to crack me, What is he gone? I an Urinal, ha, ha, ha, I protest I might have had my face washt finely, if he had meant to abuse me: I an Urinal, ha, ha, ha, go to, Urinal you have scapt a fair scouring, well Ile away, and get me to mine own house, there Ile lock up my self fast, playing the Chimick, augmenting this one Crown to troops of Angels, with which gold-winged messengers, I mean, To work great wonders, as to build and purchase, Fare daintily, tie up mens tongues, and loose them, Command their lives, their goods, their liberties, And captive all the world with chains of gold:

Hey, hey, tery linkum tinkum. *He offers to go out,*

O *Hercules*! *but comes in suddenly amazed.*

Fortune the Queen delights to play with me,
Stopping my passage with the sight of *Visus*;
But as he makes hither, Ile make hence,
There's more waies to the wood than one.

He offers to go out at the other door, but returns again in haste.

What more Devils to affright me?

O Diabolo, *Gustus* comes here to vex me:

So that I poor wretch, am like a Shittle-cock betwixt two Battledoors, If I run there, *Visus* beats me to *Scilla*, If here, then *Gustus* blows me to *Carybdis*.

Neptune

L I N G U A.

Neptune hath sworn my hope shall suffer shipwrack.
 What shall I say? (as these.
 Mine Urinal's too thin to bide the fury of such storms

ACT. 1. SCEN. 8.

*Vi sus, in a Garland of Bays, mixt with White and red
 Roses, a light coloured Taffata mantle striped with sil-
 ver, and fring'd upon green silk Bases, Buskins, &c.
 Gustus, in the same fashion, differing only in colour.
 Tactus, in a corner of the Stage.*

Vi sus. Gustus. Tactus.

Vi s. Gustus good day.

Gust. I cannot have a bad,
 Meeting so fair an omen as your self.

Tact. Shall I? wilt prove? ha? well 'tis best to
 venture. *Tactus puts on the Robes.*

Gust. Saw you not *Tactus*, I should speak with him.

Tact Perchance so, a sudden lie hath best luck.

Vi s. That face is his, or else mine eye's deceiv'd,
 Why how now *Tactus*, what so gorgious?

Gust. Where didst thou get these fair habiliments?

Tact. Stand back I charge you as you love your
 By *Stix*, the first that toucheth me shall die. (lives,

Vi s. I can discern no weapons, will he kill us?

Tact. Kill you? not I, but come not neer me you

Vi s. Why, art thou mad? (had best.

L I N G U A.

TACT. Friends as you love your lives,
Venture not once to come within my reach.

GUST. Why dost threaten so? (for the best,

TACT. I do not threaten, but in pure love advise you
Dare not to touch me, but hence fly apace,
Adde wings unto your feet and save your lives.

VIS. Why what's the matter *Tactus* prethe tell me?

TACT. If you will needs jeopard your lives so long,
As hear the ground of my amazednesse,
Then for your better safety stand aside.

GUST. How full of ceremonies, sure he'l conjure,
For such like Robes *Magicians* use to wear.

VIS. Ile see the end, though he should unlock Hell:
And set th'infernall haggas at liberty.

TACT. How rash is man on hidden arms to rush!
It was my chance, O chance most miserab'e!
To walk that way that to *Crumena* leads.

GUST. You mean *Cremona* a little Town hard by.

TACT. I say *Crumena*, called *Vacua*,
A Town which doth, and alwaies hath belong'd,
Chiefly to Scholars: from *Crumena* wals,
I saw a man came stealing craftily,
Apparelled in this vesture which I wear,
But seeing me est-soons, he took his heels,
And threw his garment from him all in hast,
Which I perceiving to be richly wrought,
Took it me up: But good now get you gone,
Warn'd by my harms, and scape my misery.

VIS. I know no danger, leave these circumstances.

TACT.

L I N G U A.

T A C. No sooner had I put it on my back,
But suddenly mine eyes began to dim,
My joynts wax sore, and all my body burn
With most intestine torture, and at length,
It was too evident, I had caught the plague.

V I S. The plague, away good *Gustus* lets be gone,
I doubt 'tis true, now I remember me,

Crumena Vacua never wants the plague. (chee.

G U S T. *Tactus* Ile put my self in jeopardy to pleasure

T A C T. No gentle *Gustus*, your absence is the only
thing I wish,
Lest I infect you with my company.

G U S T. Farewell. *Exit Gustus.*

V I S. I willingly would stay to do thee good.

T A C T. A thousand thanks, but since I needs must die,
Let it suffice, death only murders me,
Oh 'twould augment the dolour of my death,
To know my self the most unhappy Bow,
Through w^{ch} pale death should aim his shafts at you.

V I S. *Tactus* farewell, yet die with this good hope,
Thy corps shall be interred as they ought. *Exit Visus.*

T A C. Go make my Tomb, provide my funerals, ha,
Excellent Asses thus to be deluded, (ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
Bewail his death and cruel destinies,

That lives, and laughs your fooleries to scorn,
But where's my Crown, oh here : I well deserve,
Thus to be crowned for two great victories, ha, ha, ha,
Visus take care my corps be well interr'd :

Go make my Tomb, and write upon the Stone;

L I N G U A.

*Here lies the Sense, that lying gul'd them all,
With a false plague, and fained Urinal.*

ACT. I. SCEN. 9.

A U D I T U S. T A C T U S.

AUD. *Tactus, Tactus*

TACT. O *Jupiter*, 'tis *Auditus*, all's mard, I doubt
the flie knave hears so far, but yet Ile grope him: how
now Ears, what make you here, ha?

AUD. Nay, what make you here, I pray what were
you talking even now, of an Assle, and a Crown, and an
Urinal, and a plague?

TA. A plague on you, what I? AUD. Oh, what you.

TA O I had well nigh forgot nothing, but I say —

AUD. What?

TAC. That if a man (do you mark sir) being sick
of the plague (do you see sir) had a, a, a, hem, hem,
(this cold troubles me, It makes me cough sometimes
extreamly,) had a *French Crown*, (sir you under-
stand me) lying by him, and (come hither, come
hither) and would not bestow two pence (do you
hear) to buy an Urinal (do you mark me) to carry
his water to the Physician, (hem)

AUD. What of all this?

TACT. I say such a one was a very Assle, this was
all I use to speak to my self, when I am alone; but
Auditus, when shall we hear a new set of singing-
books,

L I N G U A.

books, or th'viols, or the consort of Instruments.

AUD. This was not all, for I heard mention of a Tomb, and an Epitaph.

TACT. True, true, I made my self merry with this Epitaph, upon such a fools Tomb thus a, thus, thus, plague brought this man, (foh I have forgotten) O thus, plague brought this man (so, so, so) unto his burial, because, because, because, (hem, hem) because he would not buy an Urinal, come, come *Auditus*, shall we hear thee play, the *Lyromay*, or the *Lute-way* shall we, or the Cornet, or any Musick, I am greatly revived when I hear.

AUD. *Tactus*, *Tactus*, this will not serve, I heard all, you have not found a Crown: you, no, you have not.

ACT. I. SCEN. *Ultima*.

TACTUS. AUDITUS. VISUS,
GUSTUS. MENDACIO.

TACT. Peace, peace, faith peace, come hither, hark thee good now.

AUD. I cannot hold I must needs tell.

TACT. O do not, do not, do not, come hither, will you be a fool? (ders?)

VIS. Had he not wings upon his feet and shoul-

MEN Yes, yes, and a fine wand in his hand,
Curiously wrapped with a pair of snakes.

TACT.

L I N G U A.

TACT. Will half content you, pish 'twill nere be

GUST. My life, 'twas *Mercury*. (known.

MEND. I do not know his name, but this I am sure
his hat had wings upon't.

VIS. Doubtles 'twas he, but say my Boy what did he?

MEND. First I beheld him hovering in the air,
And then down stooping with a hundred gires :
His feet he fixed on *Mount Chephalon*,
From whence he flew and lighted on that plain,
And with disdainfull steps soon glided thither :
Whither arived, he suddenly unfolds

A gorgeous Robe, and glittering ornament,
And lays them all, upon that hillock :
This done he wafts his wand, took wing again,
And in a moment vanisht out of sight,
With that mine eies 'gan stare, and heart grew cold,
And all my quivering joynts with sweat bedew'd :
My heels my thought had wings as well as his,
And so away I runne ; but by the way,
I met a man as I thought coming thither,

GUST. What marks had he ?

MEND. He had a great — what this is he, this is he :

VIS. What *Tactus* ?

GUST. This was the plague vext him so,
Tactus your Grave gapes for you, are you ready ?

VIS. Since you must needs die, do as others do,
Leave all your goods behinde you ; bequeath the
Crown and Robe to your Executors.

TACT. No such matter, I like the *Egyptian* Knights,
For

L I N G U A.

For the more state, will be buried in them.

V I S. Come, come, deliver :

*Visus snatcheth the Crown and sees letters
graven in it.*

T A C T. What will you take my purse from me ?

V I S. No but a Crown, that's just more then your
Ha, what's this ? 'tis a very smal hand, (own.
What Inscription is this ?

*He of the five that proves himself the best,
Shall have his Temples with this Coronet blest.*

This Crown is mine, and mine this garment is,
For I have alwaies been accounted best.

T A C T. Next after me, I as your self at any time :
besides I found it first, therefore 'tis mine.

G U S T. Neither of yours but mine as much as both.

A U D. And mine the most of any of you all.

V I S. Give me it or else ———

T A C T. Ile make you late repent it ———

G U S T. Presumptuous as you are ———

A U D. Spite of your teeth ———

M E N D. Never till now, a ha, it works apace,
Visus I know tis yours, and yet methinks,
Auditus you should have some challenge to it,
But that your title *Tactus* is so good :

Gustus I would swear the Coronet were yours,
What will you all go braule about a trifle :
View but the pleasant coast of *Microcosm*,
Is't not great pity to be rent with warres,
Is't not a shame, to stain with brinish tears,

The

L I N G U A.

The smiling cheeks of ever-cheerfull peace,
 Ist not farre better to live quietly,
 Than broyl in fury of dissention ;
 Give me the Crown, ye shall not disagree,
 If I can please you ; Ile play *Paris* part,
 And most impartial judge the controversie :

V I S. Sauce-box go meddle with your Ladies fanne,
 and prate not here.

M E N. I speak not for my self, but for my Countries

V I S. Sirra be still. (safe commodity.

M E N D. Nay and you be so hot, the devil part you,
 Ile to *Olfaetus* and send him amongst you.

O that I were *Aleeto* for your sakes :

How liberally would I bestow my snakes. *Exit Mend.*

V I S. *Tactus* upon thine honour,
 I challenge thee to meet me here,
 Strong as thou canst provide in th'afternoon.

T A C. I undertake the Challenge, and here's my hand,
 In sign thou shalt be answered.

G U S T. *Tactus* Ile joyn with thee, on this condition,
 That if we win, he that fought best of us,
 Shall have the Crown, the other wear the Robe.

T A C T. Give me your hand, I like the motion.

V I S. *Auditus* shall we make our forces double,
 Upon the same terms.

A U D. Very willingly :

V I S. Come lets away, fear not the victory.
 Right's more advantage, than an host of souldiers.

Finis. Act. primi.

(*Exeunt omnes.*

Actus

L I N G U A.

Actus 2. Scena 1.

APPETITUS, *A long lean Raw-bon'd fellow in a Souldiers coat, a sword, &c.*

MENDACIO. APPETITUS.

MEND. I long to see those hot-spur senses at it, they say they have gallant preparations, and not unlikely, for most of the souldiers are ready in Arms since the last field fought against their yearly enemy *Meleager*, and his wife *Acrasia*; that Conquest hath so flesht them, that no peace can hold them. But had not *Meleager* been sick, and *Acrasia* drunk, the senses might have whistled for the victory.

APP. Foh, what a stink of gunpowder is yonder?

MEND. Who's this! oh, oh, 'tis *Appetitus*, *Gustus* his hungry Parasite.

APP. I cannot indure the smoking of Gunnes, the thundring of drums, I had rather hear the merry hacking of pot-herbs, and see the reaking of a hot Capon. If they would use no other Bucklers in warre, but shields of Brawn, brandish no swords but sweards of Bacon, trail no spears, but sparribs of Pork, and instead of Harquebuss pieces discharge Hartichock-pies,rosse no pikes but boyled Pickrels, then *Appetitus* would rouse up his crest, and bear up himself with the proudest.

MEND.

LINGUA.

MEND. Ah here's a youth stark naught at a trench, but old dog at a trencher, a tall squire at a square table.

APP. But now my good masters must pardon me, I am not for their service, for their service is without service, and indeed their service is too hoat for my diet. But what, If I be not my self, but only this be my spirit that wanders up and down, and *Appetitus* be kild in the Camp, the Devil he is as soon, how's that possible? tut, tut, I know I am, I, I am *Appetitus*, and alive too, by this Infallible token, that I feel my self hungry.

MEND. Thou might'st have taken a better token of thy self, by knowing thou art a fool.

APP. Well then, though I made my fellow souldiers admire the beauty of my back, and wonder at the nimbleness of my heels, yet now will I at safety at home, tell in what dangers they are abroad, Ile speak nothing but guns, and glaves, and staves, and phalanges, and squadrons, and barracadoes, ambuscadoes, palmedoes blank point dept, counterpoint, counter scraf, sallies, and lies, saladoes, tarantantaras, ranta, tara, tara, hey. (nere adone.)

MEND. I must take the fise out of his mouth, or he'll

APP. But above all Ile be sure on my knees to thank the great ——— *Mendacio blinds him.*

MEND. Who am I, who am I, who I?

APP. By the bloud-stain'd fauchion of Mauors — I

MEND. Why, who am I? (am on your side.)

APP. Are you a souldier?

MEND.

L I N G U A.

M E N D. No.

A P P. Then you are master *Helluo* the Bear-ward,

M E N D. No, no, he's dead.

A P P. Or *Gulono* the gutty Serjeant, or *Delphino* the Vintner, or else I know you not, for these are all my acquaintance.

M E N. Would I were hang'd, if I be any of these.

A P P. What *Mendacio*, by the faith of a Knight thou art welcome, I must borrow thy Whetstone to sharpen the edges of my martial complements.

M E N. By the faith of a Knight, what a pox, where are thy Spurres?

A P P. I need no spurres, I ride like *Pegasus* on a winged horse, on a swift Gennet, my Boy, called fear.

M E N. What should'st thou fear in the wars? he's not a good souldier that bath not a good stomach.

A P P. O, but the stink of powder spoils *Appetitus* stomach, and then thou know'st when 'tis gone, *Appetitus* is dead, therefore I very manfully drew my sword, and flourish'd it bravely about mine ears, kist, and finding my self hurt, most manfully run away.

M E N D. All heart indeed, for thou ran'st like a Hart out of the field:

It seems then the Senses mean to fight it out.

A P P. I, and out-fight themselves I think, and all about a trifle, a paltry bable, found I know not where.

M E N. Thou art deceived, they fight for more than that,

L I N G U A.

that, a thing called Superiority, of which the Crown is but an Embleme.

A P P. *Mendacio* hang this Superiority, Crown me no Crown but *Bacchus* Crown of Roses, give me no Scepter, but a fat Capons legge, to shew that I am the great King of *Hungary*, therefore I prethee talk no more of State-matters, but in brief, tell me my little rascall, how thou hast spent thy time this many a day?

M E N Faith in some credit since thou saw'st me last.

A P P. How so, where?

M E N. Every where; in the Court your Gentlewomen hang me at their Apron strings, and that makes them answer so readily. In the City I am honour'd like a God, none so well acquainted with your Tradesmen: your Lawyers all the Term time hire me of my Lady, your Gallants if they hear my name abused, they stab for my sake: your Travellers so dote upon me as passes, O they have good reason, for I have carried them to many a good meal, under the Countenance of my familiarity: Nay your States-men have oftentimes closely conveyed me under their tongues, to make their policies more current: As for old men they challenge my Company by authority.

A P P. I am exceeding glad of your great promotion.

M E N D Now when I am disposed, I can Philosophy in the University, with the subtilty of them all.

A P P.

APP. I cannot be perswaded that th'art acquainted with Scholars ever since thou wert prest to death in a Print-house.

MEND. No, why I was the first founder of the three sects of Philosophy, except one of the Peripateticks who acknowledge *Aristotle* (I confess) their great Grand-father.

APP. Thou Boy, how is this possible? thou art but a Child and there were sects of Philosophy before thou wert born.

MEND. *Appetitus*, thou mistakest me, I tell thee, 3000 years ago was *Mendacio* born in *Greece*, nurs't in *Creete*, and ever since honoured every where: Ile be sworn I held old *Homers* pen when he writ his *Iliads* and his *Odysses*.

APP. Thou hadst need, for I hear say he was blind.

MEND. I helped *Herodotus* to pen some part of his *Muses*, lent *Pliny* ink to write his *History*, rounded *Rabalais* in the ear when he historified *Pantagruell*; as for *Lucian*, I was his *Genius*, O those two Books *De Vera Historia*, howsoever they go under his Name, Ile be sworn I writ them every tittle.

APP. Sure as I am Hungry, thou'lt have it for lying. But hast thou rusted this later time for want of exercise?

MEND. Nothing lesse, I must confesse I would fain have jogged *Stow* and great *Hollinshead* on
C their

APP.

L I N G U A.

their elbows, when they were about their Chronicles, and as I remember Sir *John Mandevils Travels*, and a great part of the *Decads* were of my doing. But for the mirror of Knight-hood, *Devu* of *Southampton*, *Palmerin* of *England*, *Amadis* of *Gaule*, *Huon de Burdeaux*, Sir *Guy* of *Warwick*, *Martin* *mar prelate*, *Rebin-hood*, *Garragantua*, *Gerilion*, and a thousand such exquisite monuments as these, no doubt but they breathe on my breath up and down.

APP. Downwards Ile swear, for there's stinking lies in them.

MEND. But what should I light a Candle to the bright Sunne shine of my glorious renown, the whole world is full of *Mendacios* fame.

APP. And so it will be so long as the world is full of fame.

MEND. But Sirra, how hast thou done this long time?

APP. In as much request as thy self. To begin with the Court, as thou didst, I lie with the Ladies all night, and that's the reason they call for Cullies, and Gruellies so early before their prayers, your Gallants never sup, break-fast or beaver without me.

MEND. That's false, for I have seen them eat with a full stomach.

APP. True, but because they know a little thing drives me from them, therefore in midst of meat they present me with some sharp sauce or a dish of delicate

L I N G U A.

delicate Anchoves, or a Caviare, to entice me back again; nay more, your old Sirs that hardly go without a prop, will walk a mile or two every day to renew their acquaintance with me, as for the *Academy*, it is beholding to me for adding the eighth province unto noble *Heptarchy* of the liberall sciences.

MEND. What's that I prethee.

APP. The most desired and honourable art of Cookery.

Now Sirra in the City I am ——— ft, ft.

O the body of a Louse.

MEND. What art a louse in the City?

APP. Not a word more, for yonder comes *Phantastes*, and some body else.

MEND. What a pox can *Phantastes* do?

APP. Work a miracle if he would prove wise.

MEND. 'Tis he indeed, the vilest nup: yet the fool loves me exceedingly, but I care not for his company, for if he once catch me, I shall never be rid of him.

Exeunt. Appet. & Mend.

ACTUS 2. SCENA. 2.

PHANTASTES, *A swart complexion'd fellow, but quick ey'd, in a white Sattin doublet of one fashion, green velvet hose of another: A phantasticall hat with a plume of feathers of several colours, a little short taffaty cloak, a pair of Buskins cut, drawn*

LINGUA.

out with sundry colour'd Ribands, with scarfs hung about him, after all fashions, and of all colours, rings, Jewels, a Fanne, and in every place other odd complements.

HEURESIS, *A nimble sprighted page in the newest fashion, with a garland of Bayes, &c.*

PHANTASTES. HEURESIS.

PHAN. Sirra Boy *Heuresis*? boy how now biting your nails?

HEU. Three things have troubled my brain this many a day, and just now, when I was laying hold on the Invention of them, your sudden call, made them like *Tantalus* apples, fly from my fingers.

PH. Some great matters questionless, what were they?

HEU. The quadrature of a circle, the Philosophers stone, and the next way to the *Indies*.

PH. Thou dost well to meditate on these three things at once, for they'l be found out altogether, *adgracas calendas*, but let them passe, and carry the conceit I told you this morning, to the party you wot of. In my imagination 'tis Capritious; 'twill take I warrant thee.

HEU. I will Sir: But what say you to the Gentleman that was with you yesterday?

PH. O I think thou meanest him that made nineteen sonnets of his Mistress Busk-point:

HEU. The same, the same, Sir: You promis'd to help him out with th' twentieth.

PHA.

L I N G U A.

PHA. By *Jupiters* cloven pate 'tis true; but we witty fellows are so forgetfull, but stay, hu, hu, carry him this :

*The gordian knot which Alexander great,
Did whilom cut with his all conquering sword :
Was nothing like thy Buok-point pretty Peate,
Nor could so fair an augury afford.*

Then to conclude let him pervert *Catullus* his *zonam* *solvit diu ligatam*, thus, thus,

*Which if I chance to cut or 'else untie,
Thy little World Ile conquer presently.*

Tis pretty, pretty, tell him 'twas extemporal.

HEU. Well Sir, but now for Master *Inamorato's* Love-letter.

PH. Some netling stuff yfaith; let him write thus :
Most heart commanding fac't Gentlewoman, even as the stone in *India* called *Basiliscus*, hurts all that looks on it : and as the Serpent in *Arabia* called *Smaragdus*, delighteth the sight, so does thy celestial orb assimilating eyes, both please, and in pleasing wound my Love-darted heart.

HEU. But what trick shall I invent for the conclusion ?

PHA. Pish, any thing : Love will minister Ink for the rest :

He that once begun well, hath half done, let him begin again, and there's all.

HEU. Master *Gallio* spoke for a new fashion, What for him ?

LINGUA.

PHA. A fashion for his sute — let him button it down the sleeve with four elbows, and so make it the pure heiroglyphick of a fool.

HEU. Nay then let me request one thing of you.

PHA. What's that Boy? by this fair hand thou shalt have it.

HEU. Mistresse *Superbia* a Gentlewoman of my acquaintance wisht me to devise her a new set for her Ruff, and an odde tire, I pray Sir, help me out with it.

PHA. Ah Boy in my conceit it's a hard matter to perform, these women have well nigh tired me, with devising tires for them, and set me at a *non plus* for new sets, their heads are so light, and their eyes so coy, that I know not how to please them.

HEU. I pray Sir, she hath a bad face, and faire would have Sutors, Phantastical and odd apparell would perchance draw some body to look on her.

PHA. If her face be nought, in my opinion, the more view it, the worse, bid her wear the multitude of her deformities under a Mask, till my leaseure will serve to devise some durable, and unstained blush painting.

HEU. Very good Sir.

PHA. Away then, hie thee again, meet me at the Court within this hour at the farthest.

Exit Heuresis.

Oh heavens, how have I been troubled these late times

L I N G U A.

times with Women, Fools, Babes, Taylers, Poets, Swaggerers, Guls, Ballad-makers, they have almost disrobed me of all the toys and trifles I can devise; were it not that I pity the poor multitude of Printers, these Sonnet-mongers should starve for conceits, for all *Phantastes*. But these puling Lovers, I cannot but laugh at them and their Encomions of their Mistresses. They make forsooth her hair of Gold, her eyes of Diamond, her cheeks of Roses, her lips of Rubies, her teeth of Pearl, and her whole body of Ivory: and when they have thus Idol'd her like *Pigmalion*, they fall down and worship her. *Psyche*, thou hast laid a hard task upon my shoulders, to invent at every ones ask, were it not that I refresh my dulnesse once a day with my most Angelical presence, 'twere unpossible for me to undergo it.

ACTUS 2 SCENA 3.

COMMUNIS SENSUS, *A grave man in a Black velvet Cassock like a Councillor, speaks coming out of the door.*

COMMUNIS SENSUS. PHANTASTES.

COM. S. I cannot stay, I tell you 'tis more then time I were at Court, I know my Sovereign *Psyche* hath expected me this hour.

PHA. In good time, younder comes *Common-*
C 4 *sense,*

LINGUA.

sense, I imagine it should be he by his voice.

COM.S. Crave my counsell, tell me what manner of man he is? Can he entertain a man into his house, can he hold his Velvet Cap in one hand, and vale his bonnet with the other? Knows he how to become a Scarlet gown, hath he a pair of fresh posts at his door?

PHA. He's about some hasty State-matters, he talks of posts methinks.

COM.S. Can he part a couple of Dogs brawling in the street? why then choose him Mayor, upon my credit he'l prove a wise Officer.

PHA. Save you my Lord, I have attended your leisure this hour.

COM.S. Fie upon't, what a toil have I had to choose them a Mayor yonder? there's a fusty Currier will have this man: there's a Chandler wipes his nose on his sleeve, and swears it shall not be so. There's a Mustard-maker looks as keen as Viniger, will have another: O this many headed multitude, it's a hard matter to please them!

PHA. Especially where the multitude is so well headed. But I pray you where's Master *Memory*? hath he forgotten himself that he is not here?

COM.S. N.'Tis high time he were at Court, I would he would come.

ACT.

LINGUA.

ACT. 2. SCEN. 4.

MEMORY, *An old decrepit man, in a black Velvet Cassock, a Taffaty Gown furred, with White Grogram, a White beard, Velvet slippers, a Watch, Staff, &c.*

ANAMNESTES *his Page, in a grave Sattin sute Purple, Buskins, a Garland of Bayes and Rosemary, a gimmall ring, with one link hanging, Ribbands and Threds tied to some of his fingers, in his hand a pair of Table books, &c.*

MEMORY. ANAMNESTES. PHANTASTES.
SENS. COM.

MEM. How soon a wise man shall have his wish?

COM. SE. *Memory* the season of your coming is very ripe.

PH. Had you staid a little longer 'twould have been stark rotten.

MEM. I am glad I sav'd it from the Swine — Spretious I have forgot something: O my purse, my purse, why *Anamnestes*? Remembrance where art thou, *Anamnestes* Remembrance, that vild Boy is alwaies gadding, I remember he was at my heels, even now, and now the vild Rascal is vanisht.

PHA. Is he not here? why then in my imagination he's left behind, O la *Anamnestes* remembrance.

AN. (*running in hast*) Anon, anon, fir anon, anon fir, anon, anon fir, anon, anon fir.

MEM.

L I N G U A.

MEM. Ha firra, what a brawling's here?

AN. I do but give you an answer with anon Sir.

MEM. You answer sweetly, I have cal'd you three or four times one after another.

AN. Sir, I hope I answered you three or four times one in the neck of another. But if your good worship have lent me any more calls, tell me, and Ile repay them as I am a Gentleman.

MEM. Leave your rattle, had you come at first I had not spent so much breath in vain.

AN. The truth is Sir, the first time you called, I heard you not, the second I understood you not, the third I knew not whether it were you or no: the fourth I could not tell where you were, and that's the reason I answered so suddenly.

MEM. Go firra, run, seek every where, I have lost my purse somewhere.

AN. I go Sir: Go firra, seek, run, I have lost, bring, here's a Dogs life, with a pox, shall I be alwaies used like a water-Spaniel.

Exit Anam.

COM. Come good Master Register, I wonder you be so late now adaies.

MEM. My good Lord, I remember that I knew your Grandfather in this your place, and I remember your Grandfathers great Grandfathers, Grandfathers Fathers, Father, yet in those daies I never remember that any of them could say, that *Register Memory* ever broke one minute of his appointment.

COM. S. Why good Father, why are you so late now adaies?

MEM.

L I N G U A.

MEM. Thus'tis, the most customers I remember my self to have, are (as your Lordship knows) Scholars, and now adaies the most of them are become Criticks, bringing me home such paltry things to lay up for them, that I can hardly find them again.

PH. *Jupiter, Jupiter*, I had thought these Flies had bit none but my self, Do Criticks tickle you yfaith?

MEM. Very familiarly: for they must know of me forsooth, how every idle word is written in all the musty moth-eaten *Manuscripts*, kept in all the old Libraries in every City betwixt *England* and *Peru*.

COM.SEN. Indeed I have noted these times to affect Antiquities more than is requisite.

MEM. I remember in the age of *Assaracus* and *Ninus*, and about the warres of *Thebes*, and the siege of *Troy*, there was few things committed to my charge, but those that were well worthy the preserving, but now every trifle must be wrapped up in the volume of Eternity. A rich pudding-wife, or a Cobler cannot die but I must immortalize his Name with an Epitaph: A dog cannot pisse in a Noblemans shoe, but it must be sprinkled into the *Chronicles*, so that I never could remember my Treasure more full, and never emptier of Honourable, and true Heroicall actions.

PH. By your leave Memory, you are not alone troubled, Chronologers many of them are so Phantastick, as when they bring a Captain to the Combat, lifting up his revengefull arm to dis-part the head of his

L I N G U A.

his enemy, they'l hold up his arms so long till they have bestowed three or four pages in describing the gold hilts of his threatening Fauchion: So that in my Fancy the Reader may well wonder his adversary stabs him not before he strikes; moreover they are become most palpable flatterers, alwaies begging at my gates for Invention.

COM. This is a great fault in a Chronologer to turn Parasite: An absolute History should be in fear of none, neither should he write any thing more then truth for friendship, or less for hate, but keep himself equal and constant in all his discourses, but for us, we must be contented, for as our Honours increase, so must the burthen of the cares of our Offices urge us to wax heavy.

PH. But not till our backs break, s'lud there was never any so haunted as I am, this day there comes a Sophister to my house, knocks at my door, his errand being ask'd forsooth his answer was, to borrow a fair sute of conceits out of my wardrobe, to apparell, a shew he had in hand, and what think you is the plot?

COM. Nay I know not, for I am little acquainted with such toies.

PH. Mean-while he's somewhat acquainted with you, for he's bold to bring your person upon the Stage.

COM. What me? I cannot remember, that I was ever brought upon the Stage before.

PH.

L I N G U A.

PH. Yes you and you, and my self, with all my Phantastickall tricks and humors, but I trow I have fitted him with Fooleries, I trust he'l never trouble me again.

COM. O times! O manners! when Boyes dare to traduce men in authority, was ever such an attempt heard!

MEM. I remember there was For (to say the truth) at my last being at *Athens* (It is now, let me see, about 1800 years ago) I was at a Comedy of *Aristophanes* making, (I shall never forget it) The Arch-governour of *Athens* took me by the hand and placed me, and there I say, I saw *Socrates* abused most grossly, himself being then a present spectator: I remember he sate full against me, and did not so much as shew the least countenance of discontent.

COM. In those daies it was lawfull, but now the abuse of such liberty is unsufferable.

PH. Think what you will of it, I think 'tis done, and I think it is acting by this time; hark, hark, what drumming's yonder, Ile lay my life they are come to present the shew I spake of.

COM. It may be so; stay we'l see what 'tis.

ACT.2.

PH.

LINGUA.

ACT. 2. SCEN. 5.

LINGUA. MENDACIO. COM.SEN.
and the rest.

LING. Fain thy self in great haste.

MEN. I warrant you Madam: I doubt 'tis in vain
to run, by this they are all past overtaking.

COM.SEN. Is not this *Lingua* that is in such haste?

PH. Yes, yes, stand still.

MEN. I must speak with him.

COM.SEN. With whom?

MEN. Assure your self they are all at Court ere this.

LING. Run after them, for unlesse he know it —

COM.SEN. *Lingua*.

LING. O ift your Lordship: I beseech you pardon me; hast and fear, I protest put out mine eyes: I lookt so long for you, that I knew not when I had found you.

PHA. In my conceit, that's like the man that enquired, who saw his Ass, when himself rid on him.

LING. O my heart beats so, fie, fie, fie, fie.

MEN. I am so weary, so, so, so, so.

COM.SEN. I prethee *Lingua* make an end.

LING. Let me begin first I beseech you, but if you will needs have the end first, thus 'tis. The Commonwealth of *Microsome* at this instant suffers the pangs of death, 'tis gasping for breath. Will you have all? 'tis poysoned.

PH. What

L I N G U A .

PH. What Pothecary durst be so bold as make such a confection? ha what poyson ist?

LING. A golden Crown.

MEM. I mistake, or else *Galen* in his Book *De sanitate tuenda*, commends gold as restorative.

COM. SEN. *Lingua* expresse your self.

MEN. Madam if you want breath, let me help you

LING. I prethee do, do. (out.

MEN. My Lord, the report is, that *Mercury* coming late into this Country, in this very place, left a Coronet with this inscription, that the best of the five should have it, which the Senses thinking to belong unto them——

LING. Challenge each other, and are now in arms, and 't like your Lordship.

COM. SEN. I protest it likes not me.

LING. Their battels are not far hence ready rang'd.

COM. SEN. O monstrous presumption! what shall we do?

MEM. My Lord, in your great Grandfathers time, there was I remember such a breach amongst them, therefore my Counsell is, that after his example, by the strength of your authority you convent them before you.

COM. *Lingua* go presently, command the Senses upon their alleageance to our dread Sovereign Queen *Psyche*, to dismisse their companies, and personally to appear before me without any pretence of excuse.

LING.

L I N G U A.

L I N G. I go my Lord.

P H. But hear you Madam, I pray you let your Page
tongue walk with us a little, till you return again.

L I N G. With all my heart.

Exit Lingua.

ACT. 2. SCEN. 6.

P H. Hot youths I protest, saw you those warlike
preparations?

M E N. Lately my Lords, I spide into the Army,
But oh, 'tis farre beyond my reach of wit.
Or strength of utterance to describe their forces.

C O M. S E N S. Go to, speak what thou canst.

M E N D Upon the right hand of a spacious Hill,
Proud *Vifus* marshalleth a puissant Army,
Three thousand Eagles strong, whose valiant Captain
Is *Joves* swift Thunder-bearer, that same Bird,
That hoist up *Ganimede* from the *Trojan* plains:
The vant-gard strengthned with a wondrous flight
Of Falcons, Haggards, Hobbies, Terselets,
Lanards and Goshawks, Sparhawks, and Ravenous
The rereward granted to *Anditus* charge. (Birds.
Is stoutly follow'd with an impetuous herd
Of stiff-neckt Bulls, and many horn-mad staggss,
Of the best head the Forrest can afford.

P H. I promise you a fearfull troop of Souldiers

M E N. Right opposite stands *Tactus* strongly mand,
With three thousand bristled Urchins for his Pikemen;
Four hundred Tortesses for Elephants.

Besides

LINGVA.

Besides a monstrous troop of ugly spiders,
Within an ambushment he hath commanded,
Of their own guts to spin a cordage fine,
Whereof t'have fram'd a net (O wondrous work)
That fastned by the Concave of the Moon,
Spreads down it self to th' earths circumference.

MEM 'Tis very strange, I cannot remember the
like Engine at any time.

MEN. Nay more my Lord, the masks are made
to strong,

That I my self upon them scale the heavens,
And boldly walt about the middle region,
Where in the province of the Meteors,
I saw the cloudy shops of Hail and Rain,
Garners of Snow, and Christs full of dew,
Rivers of burning Arrows, Dens of Dragons,
Huge beams of flames, and Spears like fire brands,
Where I beheld hot *Mars* and *Mercury*,
With Rackets made of Sphears, and Balls of Stars,
Playing at Tennis for a Tun of Nectar.
And that vast gaping of the Firmament,
Under the Southern pole is nothing else
But the great hazzard of their Tennis Court,
The Zodiack is the line. The shooting Stars,
Which in an eye-bright evening seem'd to fall,
Are nothing but the Balls they lose at Bandy.
Thus having took my pleasure with those sights,
By the same net I went up, I discended.

COM. SEN. Wel Sirra to what purpose tends this
Stratagem?

D

Mend.

L I N G U A.

MEND. None know directly, but I think it is
T'intrap the Eagles, when the Battails joyn.

PH. Who takes *Tacitus* his part? (*Tacitus*,

MEND. Under the standard of thrice hardy
Thrice valiant *Gustus* leads his war-like Forces,
An endlesse multitude of desperate Apes,
Five hundred Marmosets & long-tail'd Monkees:
All trained to the field, and nimble Gunners.

PH. Imagine there's old moving amongst them;
Me thinks a handful of Nuts would turn them out
of their Souldiers coats.

MEN. Ramparts of Pasty-crust and forts of Pies,
Entrench'd with dishes full of Custard stuff,
Hath *Gustus* made; and planted ordinance,
Strange ordinance: Canons of hollow canes,
Whose powder's Rape seed, charged with Turnip
(shot.

MEM. I remember in the Country of Utopia,
They use no other kind of Artillery.

COM. SEN. But what's become of *Olfaetus*?

MEND. He politickly leans to neither part,
But stands betwixt the camps as at receipt:
Having great wine his Pioners to entrench them.

PH. In my foolish imagination *Olfaetus* is very
like the Goddesse of victory that never takes
any part but the Conquerers.

MEND. And in the Woods he placed secretly
Two hundred couple of Hounds and hungry Ma-
(stiffs:

And ore his head hover at his command

A cloud

L I N G U A .

A cloud of Vultures, which or'e spread the light,
Making a night before the day be done :
But to what end not known but feared of all.

PH. I conjecture he intends to see them fight, and
after the battail to feed his Dogs, Hogs and Vul-
tures upon the muredred carcases.

ME N. My L. I think the fury of their anger will
not be obedient to the Message of *Lingua* ; for
otherwise in my conceit they should have been
here ere this : with your L. good liking we'l at-
tend upon you to see the field for more certainty.
It shall be so ; Come Master Register lets walk.

Exeunt omnes.

Finis. Act. secundi.

Act. 3. Scena. I.

ANAMESTES, *With a purse in his hand.*

ANA. Forsooth *Oblivio* shut the door upon me, I
could come no sooner; ha? is he not there? O excel-
lent! Would I were hang'd but I lookt for a sound
rap on the pate, and that made me before hand to
lift up this excuse for a Buckler. I know he's not
at Court, for here's his purse, without which war-
rant there's no coming thither; wherefore now
Anamnestes sport thy self a little, while thou art
out of the prison of his company. What shall I
do? by my troth anatomize his purse in his ab-
sence. *Plusus* send there be Jewels in it, that I
may finely geld it of the stones. -- The best sure

L I N G U A.

lies in the bottome---pox ont, here's nothing but a company of worm-eaten papers ; what's this? *Memorandum* that Master *Prodigo* owes me four thousand pounds, and that his lands are in pawn for it: *Memorandum* that I owe ; that he owes? 'tis well the old slave hath some care of his credit ; to whom owes he I trow this? that I owe *Anamnestes*? What me? I never lent him any thing; ha, this is good, there's something coming to me more then I look'd for. Come on, what is't? *Memorandum* that I owe *Anamnestes*--a breeching; I faith Sir I will ease you of that payment, (*He rends the bill*) *Memorandum* that when I was a child, *Robusto* tript up my heels at foot-ball: what a revengeful dizard's this?

A C T. 3. S C E N. 2.

Mendatio with Cushions under his arms, trips up Anamnestes heels.

Mendacio. Anamnestes.

ANA. How now?

MEND Nothing but lay you upon the Cushion Sir, how so? (Sir?)

ANA. Nothing but lay the Cushion upon you

MEND. What my little *Nam?* by this foot I am sorry I mistook thee.

ANA. What my little *Men?* by this hand it grieves me I took thee so right. But Sirra whither with these Cushions?

MEN. To lay them here that the Judges may sit softly, least my Lady *Lingua's* cause go hard with her.

Ana.

L I N G U A.

ANA. They should have been wrought with gold, these will do nothing: But what makes thy Lady with the Judges?

MEND. Pish, know'st not? she sueth for the title of a Sense, as well as the rest that bear the name of the *Pentarchy*.

ANA. Will Common sense and my Master leave their affairs to determine that Controversie?

MEND. Then thou hearst nothing.

ANA. What should I hear!

MEND. All the Senses fell out about a Crown fallen from Heaven, and pitcht a field for it; but *Vicegerent* Common-sense hearing of it, took upon him to umpire the contention, in which regard he hath appointed them (their arms dismissed) to appear before him, charging every one to bring as it were in a shew their proper objects, that by them he may determine of their several excellencies.

ANA. When is all this?

MEND. As soon as they can possibly provide,

ANA. But can he tell which deserves best by their objects?

MEND. No not only; for every sense must describe his Instrument, that is his house where he performs his dayly duty, so that by the Object and the Instrument, my Lord can with great ease discern their place and dignities.

ANA. His Lorsthip's very wife.

MEND. Thou shalt hear all anon, fine Master
D 3 *Phantastes,*

LINGUA.

Phantastes, and thy Master will be here shortly. But how is't my little Rogue? me thinks thou look'st lean upon't?

ANA. Alas, how should I do otherwise that lie all night with such a Rawbon'd *Skeleton* as *Memory*, and run all day on his Errands! The Churle's grown so old and forgetful, that every hour he's calling *Anamnestes* remembrance, where art *Anamnestes*? Then presently something's lost, poor I must run for it; and these words, run Boy, Come Sirra quick, quick, quick, are as familiar with him as the Cough, never out on's mouth.

MEND. Alack, alack poor Rogue, I see my fortunes are better. My Lady loves me exceedingly; she's always kissing me, so that (I tell the *Nam*) *Mendacios* never from betwixt her lips.

ANA. Nor out of *Memories* mouth; but in a worse sort, always exercising my stumps, and which is more, when he favours best, then I am in the worst taking.

MEND. How so?

ANA. Thus, when we are friends, then must I come and be dandled upon his Palsie-quaking knees, and he'll tell me a long story of his acquaintance with King *Priamus* and his familiarity with *Nestor*, and how he plaid at blow-point with *Jupiter* when he was in his side-coats, and how he went to look Birds-nests with *Atbon*, and where he was at *Deucalions* flood, and twenty such old wives tales.

Mend.

L I N G U A.

MEND. I wonder he being so old can talk so much.

ANA Nature thou know'st (knowing what an unruly Engine the tongue is) hath set teeth round about for watchmen. Now Sir my Master's old age hath caught out all his teeth, and that's the cause it runs so much at liberty.

MEND. Philosophical!

ANA. O but therer's one thing stings me to the very heart, to see an ugly, foul, idle, fat, dusty dog-head, called *Oblivio* preferred before me; dost know him?

MEND. Who I? I; But care not for his acquaintance, hang him blockhead, I could never abide him. Thou Remembrance art the only friend that the arms of my friendship shall embrace. Thou hast heard *Oportet mendacem esse memorem*. But what of *Oblivio*?

ANA. The very naming of him hath made me forget my self. O, O, O, O, that Rascal is so made of everywhere.

MEND. Who *Oblivio*?

ANA. I, for our Courtiers hug him continually in their ungrateful bosomes, and your smooth-belly, fat-backt, barrel-pauncht, tun-gutted drones are never without him; as for *Memory* he's a false-hearted fellow, he always deceives them; they respect not him except it be to play a game at *Chess*, *Primero*, *Saunt*, *Maw*, or such like.

Mend. I cannot think such fellows have to do

L I N G U A.

with *Oblivio* since they never got any thing to forget.

ANA. Again, these prodigal swaggerers that are so much bound to their Creditors, if they have but one Crosse about them they'l spend it in wine upon *Oblivio*.

MEN. To what purpose I prethee?

ANA. Only in hope he'l wash them in the Lethe of their cares.

MEN. Why then no man cares for thee!

ANA. Yes, a company of studious paper-worms and lean Schollers, and niggardly scraping Uturers, and a troop of heart-eating envious persons, and those cancker-stomackt spiteful creatures, that furnish up common place-books with other mens faults. The time hath been in those golden days, when *Saturn* reigned, that if a man received a benefit of another, I was presently sent for to put him in mind of it; but now in these Iron afternoons, save your friends life, and *Oblivio* will be more familiar with him then you.

A C T U S. 3. S C E N A. 3.

Heuresis. Mend. Anamnestes.

HEU. *Phantastes* not at Court? is't possible?
'tis the strangest accident that ever was heard off;
I had thought the Ladies and Gallants would
never lie without him,

Ana.

L I N G U A.

ANA. Hist, hist, *Mendacio*, I prethee observe *Heu-
resis*; it seems he cannot find his Master that's able
to find out all things: and art thou now at a
fault, canst not find out thine own Master? no?
He try one more way. O yes.

MEND. What a Proclamation for him?

AN. I, I, his nimble head is always full of pro-
clamations.

HEU. O yes.

MEND. But doth he cry him in the wood?

AN. O good Sir, and good reason, for every
beast hath Phantasie at his pleasure.

HEU. O yes: If any man can tell any tidings
of a spruce, neat, apish, nimble, fine, foolish, absurd,
humorous, conceited, Phantastick Gallant, with
hollow eyes, sharp look, swart complexion, meager
face, wearing as many toys in his apparel, as
fooleries in his looks and gesture, let him come
forth and certifie me thereof, and he shall have for
his reward---

(have?)

AN. I can tell you where he is, what shall he

HEU. A box o'the ear firra, (*snap*)

AN. How now invention, are you so quick
fingred? in faith there's your principle firra,
(*snap*) and here's the interest ready in my hand
(*snap*) [*They fall together by the ears.*] Yea? have
you found out scratching? now I remember me.

HEU. Do you bite you Rascal?

MEND. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, here's the lively picture
of this axiome, *A quick Invention and a good Me-
mory*

L I N G U A.

mory can never agree. Fie, fie, fie *Heuresis*, beat him when he's down? (Ile-

A N A. Prethee lets alone, proud Jack-an-Apes,

H E U. What will you do?

A N . Untrusse thy points and whip thee, thou paltry --Let me go *Mendacio* if thou lovest me, shall I put up the--

M E N D. Come, come, come, you shall fight no more in good faith: *Heuresis*, your Master will catch you anon

H E U. My Master, where is he?

M E N. Ile bring you to him, come away.

H E U. *Anamnestes*, I scorn that thou shouldst think I go away for fear of any thing thou canst do unto me; here's my hand as soon as thou canst pick the least occasion, put up thy finger, I am for thee. *Exit Mendacio and Heuresis.*

A N. When thou dar'st *Heuresis*, when thou dar'st, Ile be as ready as thy self at any time.

This *Heuresis*, this invention, is the proudest Jack-an-Apes, the peartest self-conceited Boy that ever breath'd: because forsooth some odd Poet, or some such Phantastique fellows make much on him, there's no ho with him; the vile dandi-prat will ore-look the proudest of his acquaintance: but well I remember me, I learnt a trick t'other day, to bring a Boy ore the thigh finely; if he come, in faith Ile tickle him with it. *Mendacio comes running back in great haste.*

M E N. As I am a Rascal Nam, they are all coming,
I see

L I N G U A .

See Master Register trudging hither, as fast as his three feet will carry up his four Ages.

Exit Mendacio.

A C T U S . 3 . S C E N A . 4 .

M E M O R I A . A N A M E S T E S .

M E M . Ah you leaden-heel'd Rascal.

A N A . Here 'tis Sir, I have it, I have it.

M E M . Is this all the haste you make ?

A N A . An't like your worship, your Clog-head *Oblivio* went before me, and soil'd the trail of your foot-steps, that I could hardly undertake the quest of your purse forsooth.

M E M . You might have been here long ere this: Come hither sirra, come hither, what must you go round about ? goodly, goodly, you are full of circumstances.

A N A . In truth Sir, I was here before, and missing you, went back into the City, fought you in every Ale-house, Inn, Tavern, Dicing-house, Tennis-court, Stews, and such like places, likely to find your worship in.

M E M . Ha? villain, am I a man likely to be found in such places, ha ?

A N A . No, no Sir ; Sir, but I was told by my Lady *Lingua's* Page that your Worship was seeking me, therefore I enquired for you in those places where I knew you would ask for me, and it please your worship.

Mem.

LINGVA.

MEM. I remember another quarrel firra, but well, well, I have no leisure.

ACT. 3. SCENA. 5.

Com.Senf. Lingua. Phantastes.

Memory. Anamnestes.

COM.S. *Lingua*, the Senses by our appointment anon are to present their objects before us; seeing therefore they be not in readinesse, we license you in the mean while, either in your own person, or by your Advocate, to speak what you can for your self.

LIN. My Lord, if I should bring before your honour all my friends ready to importune you in my behalf, I should have so many Rhetoricians, Logitians, Lawyers, and which is more, so many women to attend me, that this Grove would hardly contain the company; wherefore to avoid the tediousnesse, I will lay the whole cause upon the tip of mine own tongue.

COM.SEN. Be as brief as the necessity of our short time requires.

LIN. My Lord, though the *Imbecillitas* of my feeble sex, might draw me back from this Tribunal, with the *habenis* to wit *Timoris*, and the *Catenis Pudoris*; notwithstanding being so fairly led on with the gracious ἐπισημη of your *justissima δικαιοσύνη*, Especially so aspremente spurd' con gli sproni di necessita mia pungente, I Will without the helpe of Orators, commit the *totum salutem* of my
action

L I N G U A.

action to the *Volutabilitati τῶν γυναικῶν λόγων*,
which (*avec vostre bonne playseur*) I will finish with
more then *Laconicâ brevitatē*.

CO. SE. Whats this? here's a Gallemaufry of
speech indeed.

ME M. I remember about the yeare 1602. many
used this skew kind of language. Which in my
opinion is not much unlike the man *Platony* the
the Sonne of *Lagus*, King of *Ægypt*, brought for a
spectacle halfe white halfe blacke.

CO. SE. I am perswaded these same languag-
makers have the very quality of cold in their wit,
that freezeth all *Heterogeneall* languages together,
congealing English Tynne, Græcian Gold, Ro-
mane Latine all in a Rumpe.

PHA. Or rather in my imagination like yor Fan-
tasticall Gulls Apparell, wearing a Spanish Felt,
a French Doblet, a Granado Stocking, a Dutch
Slop, an Italian Cloak, with a Welch frise Jerkin.

COM. SEN. Well, leave your toying, we cannot
pluck the least feather from the soft wing of time.
Therefore *Lingua* go on, but in a more formall
manner; you know an ingenious Oratiō must nei-
ther swell above the Banks with insolent words,
nor creepe too shallow in the ford, with vulgar
terms, but run equally, smooth, and cheerful,
through the clean current of a pure style.

Ling. My Lord, this one thing is sufficient to con-
firm my worth to be equal or better then the sen-
ses, whose best operations are nothing till I polish
them

L I N G U A.

them with perfection ; for their Knowledge is only of things present, quickly sublimed with the deaf file of time, whereas the tongue is able to recount things past, and often pronounce things to come, by this means re-edifying such Excellencies as Time and Age do easily depopulate.

COM. SEN. But what profitable service do you undertake for our dread *Queen Psyche* ?

LING. O how I am raviht to think how infinitely she hath graced me with her most acceptable service. But above all (which you Master Register may well remember) when her Highness taking my mouth for her instrument, with the Bow of my tongue strucke so heavenly a touch upon my teeth, that she charmed the very Tigers asleep, the listning Bears and Lions to couch at her feet, while the Hills leaped, and the Woods danced to the sweet harmony of her most Angelical accents.

MEM. I remember it very well. *Orpheus* played upon the Harp, while she sang, about some four years after the contention betwixt *Apollo* and *Pan*, and a little before the excoriation of *Marfyas*.

ANA. By the same token the River *Alpheus*, at that time pursuing his beloved *Arethusa*, dischannel'd himself of his former course to be partaker of their admirable consort, and the musick being ended, thrust himself head long into earth, the next way to follow his amorous Chase ; if you go to *Arcadia*, you shall see his coming up again.

COM. SEN. Forward *Lingua* with your reason.
Lingua.

LINGUA.

LING. How oft hath her Excellency imployed me as Embassador in her most urgent affairs to forreign King and Emperors! I may say to the Gods themselves! How many bloudlesse Battails have my perswasions attained, when the senses forces have been vanquished. How many Rebels have I reclaimed when her sacred authority was little regarded? her Laws (without exprobaton be it spoken) had been altogether unpublished, her will unperformed, her illustrious deeds unrenowned, had not the silver sound of my trumpet filled the whole circuit of the universe with her deserved fame. Her Cities would dissolve, traffique would decay, friendships be broken, were not my speech the knot. *Mercury* and *Mastique*, to bind, defend, and glew them together. What should I say more? I can never speak enough of the unspeakable praise of speech, wherein I can find no other imperfection at all, but that the most exquisite power and excellency of speech cannot sufficiently expresse the exquisite power and excellency of speaking.

COM.SEN. *Lingua*, your service and dignity we confesse to be great; neverthelesse these reasons prove you not to have the nature of a sense.

LING. By your Lordships favour, I can soon prove that a sense is a faculty, by which our Queen sitting in her privy Chamber hath intelligence of exterior occurrents. That I am of this nature, I prove thus. *The object which I challenge is---*

Enter

L I N G U A.

Enter Appetitus in haste.

APP. Stay, stay my Lord, defer I beseech, defer the Judgement.

COM. SEN. Who's this that boldly interrupts us thus! hum.

APP. My name is *Appetitus*, Common servant to the Pentarchy of the senses, who understanding that your honour was handling this action of *Lingua's*, sent me hither thus hastily, most humbly requesting the Bench to consider these Articles they alledge against her, before you proceed to judgement.

COM. SEN. Hum, here's good stuff, Master Register read them: *Appetitus*, you may depart, and bid your Mistressse make convenient speed.

APP. At your Lordships pleasure. *Exit Appetitus.* 3

MEM. I Remember that I forgot my spectacles, I left them in the 349. page of *Hall's* Chronicles, where he tells a great wonder of a multitude of Mice which had almost destroyed the Country, but that there resorted a great mighty flight of Owls, that destroyed them: *Anamnestes* read these Articles distinctly.

I. Ar. ANA. Imprimis we accuse *Lingua* of high treason and sacrilege against the most honourable Common-wealth of letters: for under pretence of profiting the people with translations, she hath most vily prostituted the hard mysteries of unknown Languages to the prophane ears of the vulgar.

PHAN.

L I N G U A.

PHAN. This is as much as to make a new Hell in the upper world; for in Hell, they say, *Alexander* is no better then a Cobler; and now by these translations every Cobler is as familiar with *Alexander* as he that wrote his life.

2. art. ANA. Item that she hath wrongfully imprisoned a Lady called *Veritas*.

3. art. Item that she's a witch, and exerciseth her tongue in exorcismes.

4. art. Item that she's a common whore, and lets every one lie with her.

5. art. Item that she rails on men in Authority, depraving their Honours with bitter Jestes and taunts, and that she's a Backbiter setting strife betwixt bosome friends.

6. art. Item that she lends Wives weapons to fight against their Husbands.

7. art. Item that she maintains a train of prating petty-foggers, prouling Sumners, smooth-tongu'd Bawds, artless Empericks, hungry Parasites, News-carriers, Janglers, and such like idle Companions, that delude the Commonalty.

8. art. Item that she made Rhetorique wanton, Logick to babble, Astronomy to lye.

9. art. Item that she is an incontinent Tel-tale.

10. art. Item (which is the last and worst) that she's a Woman in every respect, and for these causes not to be admitted to the dignity of a Sense. That these Articles be true we pawn our

E

honour,

LINGUA.

honours, and subscribe our names.

1. *Visus*. 2. *Auditus*.

3. *Gustus*.

4. *Olfactus*. 5. *Tactus*.

CO. SE. *Lingua*, these be shrewd allegations, and as I think unanswerable. I will defer the judgement of your cause till I have finished the contention of the Senses.

LIN. Your Lordships must be obeyed; but as for them most ungrateful, and perfidious wretches.

CO. S. Good words become you better; you may depart if you will, till we send for you. *Anamnestes*, run, remember *Visus*, 'tis time he were ready.

ANA. I go, (*Exit Anam. & redit*) he stays here expecting your Lordships pleasure.

ACTUS. 3. SCENE. 6.

A Page carrying a Scutchion argent charged with an Eagle displayed proper, then Visus with a Fan of Peacocks feathers, next Lumen with a Crown of Bays, and a Shield with a bright Sun in it, apparelled in Tissue, then a Page bearing a Shield before Coelum, clad in Azure Taffata, dimpled with Stars, a Crown of Stars on his head, and a Scarf resembling the Zodiack, overbwart the Shoulders; next a Page clad in green, with a ter
vestria

LINGUA.

restrial Globe before Terra, in a green Velvet gown stuck with branches and flowers, a Crown of Terrets upon her head, in her hand a Key, then a Herauld leading in his hand, Colour clad in changeable silk, with a Rainbow cut of a Cloud on her head, last a Boy, Visus Marshallish his shew about the Stage, and presents it before the Bench.

VISUS. LUMEN. COELUM. COM.

SENS. MEMORIE.

VI. Lo here the object that delights the sight,
The goodliest objects that mans heart can with.
For all things that the Orbe first moveable
Wraps in the circuit of his large-stretcht arms,
Are subject to the power of *Visus* eyes.
That you may know what profit light doth bring,
Note *Lumens* words that speaks next following,

LUME. Light the fair Grand-child to the glo-
(rious Sun,

Opening the casements of the Rosie morn,
Makes the abashed Heavens soon to shun
The ugly darknesse it embrac'd before,
And at his first appearance puts to flight,
The utmost reliques of the Hell-born night.
This heav'nly shield soon as it is displaid,
Dismays the vices that abhor the light;
To wanderers by Sea and Land gives aid;
Conquers display, recomforteth affright,
Rowseth dull Idlensse, and starts soft sleep.

LINGUA.

And all the world to dayly labour keeps;
This a true Looking-glasse impartial,
Where Beauties self, her self doth beautifie
With native hue, not artificial,
Discovering falsehood, opening verity;
The days bright eye, colours distinction,
Just judge of measure and proportion.
The only means by which each mortal eye
Sends messengers to the wide firmament,
That to the longing soul brings presently
High contemplation and deep wonderment.
By which aspiement she her wings displaies,
And her self thither whence she came uprais'd.

PH. What blew things that that's dappled so
with Stars?

VIS. He represents the Heaven.

PH. In my conceit it were pritty if he thundred
when he speaks.

VIS. Then none could understand him.

COEL. Tropick colours, the Equinoctial,
The Zodiack poles, and line Ecliptical,
The Nadaz, Zenith, and Anomalies,
The Azimeth and Ephemerides,
Stars, Orbs and Planets, with their motions,
The Oriental Regradations,
Excentricks, Epicycles, and---and---and---

PH. How now *Visus*, is your heaven at a stay?
Or is it his *Motus trepidationis* that makes him
(stammer?)

I pray you *Memory* set him agate again.

L I N G U A.

MEM. I remember when *Jupiter* made *Amphitrio* Cuckold, and lay with his wife *Alcmena*, *Cælum* was in this taking for three daies space, and stood still just like him at a *non plus*.

COM. SEN. Leave jesting, youle put the fresh Actor out of countenance.

COEL. Excentricks, Epicycles, and Aspects,
In Sextile, Trine, and Quadrate which effects
Wonders on earth: also the Oblique part
Of signes that make the day both long and short,
The Constellations rising, Cosmical,
Setting of Stars, Chronick, and Heliacal,
In the Orizon or Meridional,
And all the skill in deep Astronomie,
Is to the soul derived by the eye.

PH. *Visus*, you have made *Cælum* a heavenly speech, past earthly capacity, it had been as good for him he had thundred. But I pray you, who taught him to speak and use no action; me thinks it had been excellent to have turn'd round about in his speech.

VIS. He hath so many motions he knows not which to begin withall.

PH. Nay rather it seemes hee's of *Copernicus* opinion, and that makes him stand still.

*Terra comes to the midsts of the Stage, stands
still a while, saith nothing, and steps back.*

COM. S. Lets hear what *Terra* can say--just nothing.

VIS. And't like your Lordship, t'were an indecorum *Terra* should speak.

L I N G U A.

ME M. You are deceived, for I remember when *Phaeton* rul'd the Sunne, I shall never forget him, he was a very pretty youth, the earth opened her mouth wide, and spoke a very good speech to *Jupiter*.

AN A M. By the same token *Nilus* hid his head then, he could never finde it since.

PH A. You know *Memory*, that was an extreme hott day, & 'tis likely *Terra* sweat much, and so tooke cold presently after, that ever since shee hath lost her voice.

HE R. A *Canton Ermines* added to the field, is a sure signe the man that bore these Armes, was to his Prince as a defensive shield, saving him from the force of present Armes.

PH A. I know this fellow of old, 'tis a Herauld; many a Centaure, Chimera, Barnacle, Crocodile, Hippotame, & such like toyes, hath he stolne out of the shop of my Invention, to shape new coats for his upstart Gentlemen. Either *Affrica* must breed more monsters, or you make fewer Gentlemen M. *Herauld*; for you have spent all my devises already; but since you are here, let me aske you a question, in your owne profession; how comes it to passe that the victorious Armes of England, quartred with the conquered Coate of France, are not placed on the dexter side, but give the flowre-de luce the better hand?

HE R. Because that the three Lyons are one coat made of two French Duke-domes, Normandy
and

L I N G U A.

and Aquitaine : but I pray you *Visus*, what laye
is that that follows him ?

Vis. 'Tis *Color* an object of mine, subject to
his commandement.

Pha. Why speaks he not ?

Vis. He is so bashful, he dares not speak for
blushing : What thing is that ? tel me without
delay.

Boy. That's nothing of it self, yet every way
As like a Man, as a thing like may be,
And yet so unlike, as clean contrary ;
For in one point it every way doth miss ;
The right side of it a mans left side is.
Tis lighter then a Feather, and withall
It fills no place, nor room it is so small.

Com. Sen. How now *Visus*, have you brought
a boy with a riddle to pose us all ?

Phan. Pose us all ? and I here ? that were a
jest indeed : My Lord, if he have a *Sphinx*, I have
an Oedipus, assure your selfe, lets hear it once
again.

Boy. What thing is that Sir ?

Phan. This such a knotty *Ænigma* ? why my
Lord ? I think it is a Woman ; for first a Woman
is nothing of her self, and again she is likest a
man of any thing.

Com. Sen. But wherein is she unlike ?

Pha. In every thing, in peevishness, in folly.
— 'st Boy.

Hæu. In Pride, Deceit, Prating, Lying,
Cog-

LINGUA.

Cogging, Coynes, Spite, Hate, Sir.

PHA. And in many moe such vices: Now he may well say, the left side a mans right side is; for a crosse wife, is alwaies contrary to her husband, ever contradicting what he wisheth for, like to the verse in *Marshall, Velle tuum.*

MEM. *Velle tuum nolo, Dindime, nolle volo.*

PHA. Lighter then a feather; doth any man make question of that?

MEM. They need not; for I remember I saw a Cardinal weigh them once, and the Woman was found 3. grains lighter.

COM SEN. Tis strange; for I have seen Gentlewomen wear Feathers oftentimes; can they carry heavier things then themselves?

MEM. O sir, I remember tis their onely delight to do so.

COM. SEN. But how apply you the last verse, it fills no place Sir?

PHA. By my faith, that spoils all the former; for these fardingalls take up all the room now a days; tis not a woman questionlesse; shall I be put down with a Riddle sirrah? *Heurefis* search the corners of your conceit, and find it me quickly.

HEU. Hay *ευρηκα, *ευρηκα, I have it, tis a mans face in a Looking Glasse.

PHAN. My Lord, tis so indeed. Sirrah lets see it, for do you see my right eye here?

COM. SEN. What of your eye?

PHA.

L I N G U A.

PHA. O Lord, sir, this kind of frowne is excellent, especially when tis sweetned with such a pleasing smile.

COM. SE. *Phantastes*.

PHA. O Sir, my left eye is my right in the glasse do you see? by these lips my garters hang so neatly, my Gloves and shooes become my hands and feet so well: *Heuresis*, tie my shooes strings with a new knot; ---this point was scarce well trust.--so, tis excellent.---Looking-glasses were a passing invention, I protest the fittest books for Ladies to study on-----

MEM. Take heed that you fall not in love with your selfe *Phantastes*, as I remember: *Anamnestes*, who wast that died of the looking disease?

AN. Forsooth *Narcissus*, by the same token he was turn'd to a Daffadill, and as he died for love of himself, so if you remember there was an old ill-favoured, precious-nosed, babber-lipt, beetle-browed, bleer-eyd, slouch-eard slave that looking himself by chance in a Glasse, died for pure hate.

PHA. By the lip of my-- I could live and die with this face.

COM. SEN, Fie fie *Phantastes*, so effeminate, for shame leave off. *Visus*, your objects I must needs say are admirable if the house and instrument be answerable, lets hear therefore in brieffe your description-----

VIS. Under the fore-head of mount *Cephalon*,
That

L I N G U A .

That over-peers the coast of *Microcosme*,
 All in the shadow of two pleasant groves,
 Stand my two mansion houses, both as round,
 As the cleare heavens, both twins as like each
 As star to star, which by the vulgar sort, (either;
 For their resplendent composition,
 Are named the bright eyes of mount *Cephalon* :
 With four fair roomes those lodgings are con-
 (trived.

Four goodly rooms in form most spherical,
 Closing each other like the heavenly orbes :
 The first whereof, of Natures substance wrought,
 As a strange moat the other to defend,
 Is trained moveable by Art divine,
 Stirring the whole compacture of the rest ;
 The second chamber is most curiously
 Composed of burnisht, and transparent horn.

PHAN. That's a matter of nothing, I have
 known many have such bed-chambers.

MEM. It may be so, for I remember being
 once in the towns Library, I read such a thing,
 in their great book of monuments called *Cornu-*
copia, or rather their copia-Cornu.

VIS. The third's a lesser room of purest glass ;
 The fourth's smallest, but passeth all the former
 In worth of matter, built most sumptuously,
 With walls transparent of pure *Christalline*.
 This the souls mirror and the bodies guide,
 Loves Cabinet, bright beacons of the Realm,
 Casements of light, quiver of Cupids shafts :

Wherein

L I N G U A.

Wherein I sit and immediately receive
 The *species* of things corporeal,
 Keeping continual watch and centinel :
 Least forrain hurt invade our *Microcosme*,
 And warning give, (if pleasant things approach)
 To entertain them from this costly room ;
 Leadeth my Lord an entrie to your house ;
 Through which I hourly to your self convey
 Matters of wisdom by experience bred :
 Arts first invention, pleasant vision,
 Deep contemplation, that attires the soul,
 In gorgeous robes of flowering literature :
 Then if that *Visus* have deserved best,
 Let his victorious brow, with Crown be blest.

COM. SEN. *Ananestes*, see who's to come

ANA. Presently my Lord. (next.

PHAN. *Visus*, I wonder that amongst all your
 objects, you presented us not with *Platoes Idea*, or
 the sight of *Ninivie, Babylon, London*, or some *Stur-*
bridge fair-monsters ; they would have done pas-

sing well, those motions in my imagination
 are very delightful.
 VIS. I was loth to trouble your honours with
 such toies, neither could I provide them in so short
 a time.

COM. SEN. We will consider your worth ;
 mean while we dismiss you.

*Visus leads his show about the stage,
 and so goes out with it.*

ACT. 3.

LINGUA.

ACT. 3. SCEN. *ultima.*

AUDITUS, &c.

AUD. Heark, heark, heark, heark, peace, peace, O peace; O sweet, admirable, Swanlike heavenly! heark, O most mellifluous strain; O what a pleasant close was there; O full, most delicate!

COM. SEN. How now *Phantastes*, is *Auditus* mad?

PHAN. Let him alone, his musical head is always full of od crotchets.

AUD. Did you mark the dainty driving of the last point? an excellent maintaining of the song by the choice timpan of mine ear! I never heard a better; hift,ft,ft; heark, why there's a cadence able to ravish the dullest Stoick.

COM. SEN. I know not what to think on him.

AUD. There how sweetly the pliane-song was dissolved into descant, and how easily they came off with the last rest! heark, heark, the bitter sweetest Acromatick.

COM. SEN. *Auditus.*

AUD. Thanks good *Apollo* for this timely grace; never couldst thou in fitter: O more then most musical harmony; O most admirable consort! have you no ears? do you not hear this musick?

PHAN. It may be good, but in my opinion they rest too long in the beginning.

AUD.

L I N G U A.

AUD. Are you then deaf? do you not yet perceive the wondrous sound the heavenly orbs do make with their continual motion! heark, heark, O honey sweet!

COM. SEN. What tune do they play?

AUD. Why such a tune as never was, nor never shall be heard; mark now, now mark, now, now.

PHAN. List, list, list.

AUD. Hearn, O sweet, sweet, sweet!

PHAN. List, how my heart envies my happy ears! hilt, by the gold string Harp of *Apello*, I hear the celestial mulick of the sphears, as plainly as ever *Pythagoras* did; O most excellent diapason, good, good, good! It plaies Fortune my to eas distinctly as may be.

COM. S. As the fool thinketh, so the Bell clinketh; I protest I hear no more then a post.

PHAN. What, the Lavalta hay? nay, if the heavens fiddle, *Phansie* must needs dance.

COM. S. Prethee sit still, thou must dance nothing but the passing measures. *Memory*, do you hear this harmony of the sphears?

MEM. Not now my Lord, but I remember about some 4000. years ago, when the skie was first made, we heard very perfectly.

ANA. By the same token the first tune the Planets played, I remember *Venus* the Treble ran sweet division upon *Saturn* the Base: The first tune they played was *Sellengers* round, in memory whereof ever since it hath been called the beginning of the world.

COM. S.

LINGVA.

COM.S. How comes it we cannot hear it now?

MEM. Our ears are so well acquainted with the sound, that we never mark it. As I remember, the *Egyptian* Catadupes never heard the roaring of the fall of *Nilus*, because the noise was so familiar unto them.

COM.S. Have you no other objects to judge by then these, *Auditus*?

AUD. This is the rarest and most exquisite,
Most spherical, divine, angelical;
But since your duller ears cannot perceive it,
May it please your Lordship to withdraw yourself
Unto this neighbouring Grove, there shall you see
How the sweet Treble of the chirping birds,
And the soft stirring of the moved leaves,
Running delightful descant to the sound
Of the base murmuring of the bubling brook,
Becomes a consort of good instruments;
While twenty babling echoes round about,
Out of the stony concave of their mouth,
Restore the vanish't musick of each close,
And fill your ears full of redoubled pleasure.

COM.S. I will walk with you very willingly,
for I grow weary of sitting. Come Master Re-
gister and Master Phantastes.

Finis Act. 3.

Exeunt omnes.

Act. 4.

Act. 4. Scena. I.

MEMDACIO, ANAMNESTES, HEURESIS.

MEN. Prethee *Nam* be perswaded; is't not better go to a feast then stay here for a fray?

ANA. A feast? dost think *Auditus* will make the Judges a feast?

MEN. Faith I, why should he carry them to his house else?

ANA. Why firra, to hear a set or two of songs; slid his banquets are nothing but fish, all soll, soll, soll? Ile teach thee wit boy, never go me to a Musicians house for Junkets, unlesse thy stomach lies in thine ears; for there is nothing but commending this songs delicate air, that motects dainty air; this sonnets sweet air, that madrigals melting air; this dirgesie mournful air, this Church-air, that Chamber-air; *French* air, *English* air, *Italian* air; why Lad, they be pure Chamelions, they feed only upon the air.

MEN. Chamelions? Ile be sworn, some of your Fidlers be rather Cammels, for by their good wills they will never leave eating.

ANA. True, and good reason, for they do nothing all the day but stretch and grate their small guts: But oh, yonders the Ape *Heuresis*: let me go I prethee.

MEN. Nay, good now stay a little, let's see his humour.

Heu.

LINGVA.

HEU. I see no reason to the contrary; for we see the quintessence of Wine will convert Water into Wine; why therefore should not the Elixar of gold turn lead into pure gold?

ME N. Ha, ha, ha, ha, he is turned Chymick sirra, it seems so by his talk.

HEU. But how shall I devise to blow the fire of Beech-coals with a continual and equall blast? ha? I will have my bellows driven with a wheel, which wheel shall be a self mover.

ANA. Here's old turning, these Chymicks seeking to turn lead into gold, turn away all their own Silver.

HEU. And my wheel shall be Geometrically proportioned into seaven or nine concave incircled armes, wherein I will put equall poises; hai, hai, hai, *εὐρηκα, εὐρηκα*, I have it, I have it, I have it,

ME N. *Heuresis?*

HEU. But what's best to contain the Quick-silver? ha?

ANA. Do you remember your promise *Heuresis?*

HEU. It must not be Iron, for Quick-silver is the tyrant of mettals, and will soon fret it.

ANA. *Heuresis? Heuresis?*

HEU. Nor Brasse, nor Copper, nor Maslin, nor Mineral, *εὐρηκα, εὐρηκα*, I have it, I have it, it must be

ANA. You have indeed sirra, and thus much more then you looked for (*snar.*) (*Heuresis and Anamnestes about to fight, but Mendacio parts them.*)

ME N.

L I N G U A.

MEN. You shall not fight, but if you will always disagree, let us have words and no blows; *Heuresis*, what reason have you to fall out with him?

HEU. Because he is always abusing me, and takes the upper hand of me everywhere.

ANA. And why not *sirra*? I am thy better in any place.

HEU. Have I been the Author of the seven liberal Sciences, and consequently of all learning? have I been the patron of all Mechanical devises, to be thy inferiour? I tell thee *Anamnestes*, thou hast not so much as a point but thou art beholding to me for it.

ANA. Good, good, but what had your invention been, but for my remembrance? I can prove that thou belly-sprung invention art the most unprofitable member in the world; for ever since thou wert born thou hast been a bloody murderer, and thus I prove it; In the quiet years of *Saturn* (I remember *Jupiter* was then but in his swath-bands) thou rentest the bowels of the earth, and broughtst Gold to light, whose beauty (like *Hellen*) set all the world by the ears; then upon that thou foundest out Iron, and puttest weapons in their hands; and now in the last populous age, thou taught'st a scab-shin Friar the hellish invention of powder and Guns.

HEU. Cal'st it hellish? thou liest, it is the most admirablest invention of all others; for whereas
F others

others imitate nature, this excells nature her selfe.

MEM. True, for a Cannon will kill as many at one shot, as *Thunder* doth commonly at twenty.

ANA Therefore more murthering art thou then the light bolt.

HEU. But to shew the strength of my conceit, I have found out a means to withstand the stroak of the most violent culvering: *Mendacio*, thou sawest it when I demonstrated invention.

ANA. What some wool-packs, or mudwalls? or such like?

HEU. *Mendacio*, I prethee tell it him, for I love not to be a trumpeter of mine own praises.

MEN. I must needs confesse this devise to passe all that ever I heard or saw; and thus it was. First, he takes a Faulcon and charges it without all deceits, with dry powder well canphred; then did he put in a single bullet, and a great quantity of drop-shot, both round and lachrimal; this done he sets me a boy sixty paces off, just point blank over against the mouth of the peece; now in the very midst of the direct line he fastens a post, upon which he hangs me in a cord, a Siderite of Herculean stone.

ANA. Well, well, I know it well; it was found out in *Ida*, in the year of the world---by one *Magnes*, whose name it retains, though vulgarly they call it the Adamant.

MEN. When he had hang'd this Adamant in a cord,

L I N G U A.

cord, he comes back and gives fire to the touch-hole, now the powder consumed to avoid vacuum.

HEU. Which is intolerable in nature; for first shall the whole Machin of the World, Heaven, Earth, Sea and Air, return to the mishapen house of Chaos, then the least vacuum be found in the universe.

MEN. The bullet and drop-shot most impetuously from the fiery throat of the Culvering (but oh strange) no sooner came they neer the Adamant in the cord, but they were all arrested by the Sargent of Nature, and hovered in the Air round about it, till they had lost the force of their motion, clasping themselves close to the stone in most lovely manner, and not any one flew to indanger the mark; so much did they remember their duty to Nature, that they forgot the errand they were sent of.

ANA. This is a very artificial lye.

MEN. *Nam*, believe it, for I saw it; and which is more, I have practiced this devise often: Once when I had a quarrel with one of my Lady *Veritas* naked knaves, and had pointed him the field, I conveyed into the heart of my Buckler an Adamant, and when we met I drew all the foins of his Rapier whether soever he intended them, or howsoever I guided mine arm, pointed still to the midst of my Buckler, so that by this means I hurt the Knave mortally, and my self came away untouched, to the wonder of all the beholders.

LINGUA.

ANA. Sirra you speak Metaphorically, because thy wit *Mendacio* always draws mens objections to thy fore-thought excuses.

HEU. *Anamnestes*, 'tis true, and I have an addition to this, which is to make the bullet shot from the enemy, to return immediately upon the Gunner; but let all this passe, and say the worst thou canst against me.

ANA. I say Guns were found out for the quick dispatch of mortality; and when thou sawest men grow wise, and beget so fair a child as Peace, of so foul and deformed a mother as War, least there should be no murther, thou devisedst poyson.

MEN. Nay, fie *Nam*, urge him not too far.

ANA. And last and worst, thou foundst out cookery, that kills more then weapons, guns, wars or poysons, and would destroy all, but that thou inventedst *Physick*, that helps to make away some.

HEU. But sirra, besides all this, I devised Pillories for such forging villains as thy self.

ANA. Cal'st me villain?

(*They fight, and are parted by Mendacio.*)

MEN. You shall not fight as long as I am here; give over I say.

HEU. *Mendacio*, you offer me great wrong to hold me, in good faith I shall fall out with you.

MEN. Away, away, away, you are Invention, are you not?

HEU. Yes Sir, what then?

MEN.

L I N G U A.

MEN. And you Remembrance ?

AN. Well sir, well.

MEN. Then I will be *Judicium*, the moderator betwixt you, and make you both friends ; come, come, shake hands, shake hands.

HEU. Well, well, if you will needs have it so ;

ANA. I am in some sort content.

Mendacio walks with them, holding them by the hands.

MEN. Why this is as it should be, when *Mendacio* hath *Invention* on the one hand, and *Remembrance* on the other, as hee'l be sure never to be found with Truth in his mouth, so he scorns to be taken in a lye; hai, hai, hai, my fine waggish whiff?

AN. Whiff.

HEU. Whiff.

ACT. 4: SCEN. 2.

Communis Sensus, Memory, Phantastes, Heuresis, Anamnestes take their places on the bench, as before ; Auditus on the stage, a Page before him bearing his target, the field sable, an heart or, next him Tragedus apparelled in black velvet, fair buskins, a fauchion, &c. then Comedus in a light coloured green taffata robe, silk stockings, pumps, gloves, &c.

COMMUNIS SENSUS, MEMORY, PHANTASTES, HEURESIS, ANAMNESTES, &c.

COM. They had some reason that held the soul a harmony, for it is greatly delighted with musique; how fast we were tyed by the ears to the consort of voices powder; but all is but a little pleasure, what profitable objects hath he?

PH. Your ears will teach you presently, for now he is comming, that fellow in the bayes me thinks I should have known him; ô tis *Comedus*, tis so, but he is become now a daies something humerous, and too-too, Satyrical, up and down like his great grand-father *Aristophanes*.

AN. These two my Lord, *Comedus* & *Tragedus*, My fellows both, both, twins, but so unlike, As birth to death, wedding to funeral: For this that rears himself in buskins quaint, Is pleasant at the first, proud in the midst, Stately in all, and bitter death at end.

That in the pumphes doth frown at first acquaintance (tance,

Trouble the midst, but in the end concludes, Closing up all with a sweet-catastrophe?

This grave and sad disdain with brinish tears, That light and quick with wrinkled laughter (painted;

This deales with Nobles, Kings, and Emperours: Full of great fears, great hopes, great enterprises; This

L I N G U A.

This other trades with men of mean condition ;
 His projects small, small hopes and dangers little.
 This gorgeous broidered with rich sentences :
 That fair and purfled round with merriments :
 Both vice detect, and vertue beautifie,
 By being deaths mirrour, and lifes looking-glass.

COM. *Salutem jam primum a principio propitiam,
 Mibi etque vobis spectatores nuntio.*

PH. Pish, pish, this is a speech with no action,
 lets hear TERENCE, *Quid igitur faciam, &c.*

COM. *Quid igitur faciam ? non eam ne nunc
 quidem cum accusor ultro ?*

PH. Phy, phy, phy, no more action, lend me
 your baies, do it thus, *Quid igitur, &c.* (he acts it
 after the old kinde of *Pantomimick* action.)

COM.S. I should judge this action *Phantastes*,
 most absurd, unlesse we should come to a Com-
 mody, as Gentlewomen to the Commencement,
 only to see men speak.

PH. In my imagination it's excellent, for in this
 kinde the hand (you know) is harbinger to the
 tongue, and provides the words a lodging in the
 ears of the Auditors.

COM.S. *Auditus*, it is now time you make us
 acquainted with the quality of the house you keep
 in, for our better help in judgement.

AUD. Upon the sides of fair mount *Cephalon*,
 Have I two houses passing humane skill ;
 Of finest matter by dame nature wrought,
 Whose learned fingers have adorn'd the same

L I N G U A.

With gorgeous porches of so strange a form,
 That they command the passingers to stay;
 The doores whereof in hospitality,
 Nor day, nor night are shut, but open wide,
 Gently invite all commers; whereupon
 They are named the open ears of *Cephalon*.
 But least some bolder sound should boldly rush,
 And break the nice composture of the work,
 The skilful builder wisely hath intrang'd
 An entry from each port with curious twins,
 And crookt Meanders, like the labyrinth
 That *Dedalus* fram'd to inclose the Minotaur;
 At end whereof is placed a costly portal,
 Resembling much the figure of a drum,
 Granting slow entrance to a private closet;
 Where dayly with a Mallet in my hand,
 I set and frame all words and sounds that come,
 Upon an Anvile, and so make them fit
 For the perewinckling poor; that winding leads
 From my close chamber to your Lordships Cell.
 Thither do I chief Justice of all accents,
*Psyche*s next porter, *Microcosmes* front,
 Learnings rich treasure, bring discipline,
 Reasons discourse, knowledge of forraign states,
 Lowd fame of great *Heroes* vertuous deeds,
 The marrow of grave speeches, and the flowers
 Of quickest Wits, neat Jests, and pure Conceits,
 And often times to ease the heavy burthen
 Of government your Lordships shoulders bear,
 I thither do conduce the pleasing Nuptials

L I N G U A.

Of sweetest instruments with heavenly noise;
If then *Auditus* have deserv'd the best,
Let him be dignifi'd before the rest.

COM. S. *Auditus*, I am almost a Sceptick in this matter, scarce knowing which way the balance of the cause will decline; when I have heard the rest, I will dispatch judgement; mean while you may depart.

*Auditus leads the show about the stage,
and then goes out.*

ACTUS 4. SCENA 3.

COMMUNIS SENSUS, Memoria, Phantastes, Anamnestes, Heuresis as before, Olfactus in a garland of several flowers, a Page before him, bearing his target, his field vert, a hound argent, two Boyes with casting bottels, and two with censers with incense, another with a velvet cushion stucke with flowers, another with a basket of berbs, another with a box of Oyntment; Olfactus leads them about, and making obeysance presents them before the bench.

1. BOY. Your onely way to make a good pomander, is this, take an ounce of the purest garden mould, clenfed and steeped seven daies in change of motherlesse rose Water, then take the best Ladanum, Benioine, both Storaxes, Ambergreece,
and

L I N G U A.

and Civet, and musk, incorporate them together, and work them into what form you please; this if your breath be not too valiant, will make you smell as sweet as my Ladies dog.

PH. This Boy it should seem represent O dor, he is so perfect a perfumer. (mand,

ODOR. I do my Lord, and have at my com-
The smell of flowers and Odoriferous drugs,
Of oyntments sweet, and excellent perfumes,
And Court-like waters, which if once you smell,
You in your heart will wish as I suppose,
That all your Body were transformed to Nose.

PH. *Olfactus* of all the Senses, your objects have the worst luck, they are alwaies jarring with their contraries; for none can wear Civet, but they are suspected of a proper bad sent: where the Proverb springs, He smellleth best, that doth of nothing smell.

ACT. 4. SCENA 4.

The bench and Olfactus as before, Tobacco apparelled in a tassata mantle, his armes brown and naked, buskins made of the pilling of Osiers, his necke bare, hung with Indian leaves, his face brown, painted with blew stripes, in his nose swines teeth, on his head a painted wicker crown, with Tobacco pipes set in it, plumes of Tobacco leaves, led by two Indian boyes naked, with tapers in their hands, Tobacco boxes and pipes lighted.

PH.

LINGUA.

PH. Foh, foh, what a smell is here? is this one of your delightful objects?

OLF. It is your onely sent in request Sir.

COM. SEN. What fiery fellow is that, which smokes so much in the mouth?

OLF. It is the great and puissant god of Tobacco

TOB. *Ladoch guevarroh pusuer shelvaro laggon, Ofsa di quaxon, Indi cortilo uraggon.*

PH. Ha, ha, ha, ha, this in my opinion is the tongue of the Antipodes.

MEM. No I remember it very well, it was the language the Arcadians spake, that lived long before the Moon.

CO. SEN. What signifies it *Olsacius*?

OKF. This is the mighty Emperour Tobacco, King of Trinidado, that in being conquered, conquered all Europe, in making them pay tribute for their smoke.

TOB. *Erfronge in:glues conde bisingo, Develin floscoth ma pu cccibinge.*

OLF. Expeller of Catarhes, banisher of allagues, your guts onely salve for the green wounds of a non-plus. (tam ka samala

TOB. *Al vuleam vercu, I parda pora si de grama, che Bauborespartera, quivara?*

OLF. Sonne to the god *Vulcan*, and *Tellus*, kin to the father of Mirth, called *Bacchus*?

TOB. *Viscardonok, pillosivpbe, parcario tinavopag: dagen stollisinfse, carocibato scribas.* (magas,

OLF.

LINGUA.

OLF. Genius of all Swaggerers, grossest enemy to Physitians, sweet ointment for sower teeth, firm knot of good fellowship, Adamant of Company, swift wind to spread the wings of Time, hated of none but those that know him not, and of so great deserts, that who so is acquainted with him, can hardly forsake him.

PH. It seems these last words were very significant, I promise you a god of great denomination, he may be my Lord Traps for his large Titles.

CO. S. But forward *Olsaëus*, as they have done before you, with your description.

OLF. Just in the midst of *Cephalons* round face
As'twere a frontis-piece unto the hill,
Olsaëus lodging built in figure long,
Doubly dis-parted with two precious vaults,
The roots whereof most richly are inclos'd
With Orient Pearls, and sparkling Diamonds:
Beset at the end with Emeralds and Turchois,
And Rubies red and flaming Chrysolits,
At upper end whereot in costly manner,
I lay my head between two spongy pillows,
Like fair *Adonis* twixt the paps of *Venus*,
Where I conducting in and out the wind,
Daily examine all the ayr inspir'd.
By my pure searching, if it be pure,
And fit to serve the Lungs with lively breath:
Hence do I likewise minister perfume
Unto the neighbour brain, perfumes of force

To

L I N G U A.

To cleanse your head, and make your fantasie
To refine wit, and sharp invention,
And strengthen memory, from whence it came,
That old devotion Incense did ordain
To make mans spirit more apt for things divine;
Besides a thousand more commodities,
In lieu whereof your Lordships I request,
Give me the Crown if I deserve it best.

*Olfacius leads his company about
the Stage, and goes out.*

A C T. 4. S C E N. 5.

*The Bench as before: a Page with a shield argent,
an Ape proper with an apple, then Gustus with a
cornu-copia in his hand, Bacchus in a Garland of
leaves and Grapes, a white sute, and over it a thin
sarsenet to his foot, in his hand a spear wreathed
with vine leaves, on his arm a Target with a
Tiger, Ceres with a Crown of ears of corn, in a
yellow silk robe, a bunch of poppy in her hand, a
schutcheon charged with a Dragon.*

C O M. S E N. In good time Gustus, have you
brought your objects?

G U S T. My servant *Appetitus* followeth with
them.

A P. Come, come *Bacchus*, you are so fat; enter,
enter.

P H. Fie, fie *Gustus*, this is a great indecorum to
bring

LINGUA.

bring *Bacchus* alone, you should have made Thirst led him by the hand.

Gus. Right Sir, but men now a days drink often when they be not drie; besides I could not get red herings, and neat tongues enough to apparel him in.

COM. S. What, never a speech of him.

Gus. I put an *Ollave* of *Jambicks* in his mouth, and he hath drunk it down.

AP. Well done, Muscadine and Eggs stand hot; what butter'd Claret? go thy way thou hadst best, for blind men that cannot see how wickedly thou lookst---how now, what small thin fellow are you here? ha.

BOY. Beer forsooth, beer forsooth.

AP. Beer forsooth? get you gone to the buttery till I call for you; you are none of *Bacchus* attendants I am sure, he cannot indure the smell of Mault. Where is *Ceres*? oh well, well, is the March-pane broken? ill luck, ill luck; come hang't, never stand to set it together again; serve out fruit there; (*Enter Boys with a Banquet, Marmolet, sweet, &c. deliver it round among the Gentlemen, and go out*) What do you come with rofmeat after Apples? away with it: Digestion, serve out Cheese; what, but a pennyworth? it is just the measure of his nose that sold it; lambs wool? the meekest meat in the world, 'twill let any man fleece it. Snap-dragon there.

ME M. O I remember this dish well, it was first

L I N G U A.

first invented by *Pluto*, to entertain *Proserpina* withal.

PH I think not so *Memory*; for when *Hercules* had kill'd the flaming Dragon of *Hesperia*, with the Apples of that Orchard he made this fiery meat, in memory whereof he nam'd it Snap-dragon.

CO M. S. *Gustus*, lets hear your description.

Gus. Near to the lowly base of *Cephalon*
My house is plac'd, not much unlike a Cave;
Yet archt above by wondrous workmanship,
With hewen stones wrought smoother and more
fine

Then Jeat or Marble fair from *Island* brought.
Over the door directly doth incline
A fair Percullis of compacture strong,
To shut out ail that may annoy the state
Or health of *Microcosme*; and within
Is spread a long board like a plyant tongue,
At which I hourly sit, and trial take
Of meats and drinks needful and delectable;
Twice every day do I provision make
For the sumptuous kitchen of the Commonwealth
Which once well boyl'd is soon distributed
To all the members, well refreshing them
With good supply of strength-renewing food;
Should I neglect this muling diligence,
The body of the Realm would ruinate;
Your self my Lord with all your policies
And wondrous wit, could not preserve your self;
Nor

L I N G U A.

Nor you *Phantastes*, nor you *Memorie*;
Psyche her self, were't not that I repair
 Her crazie house with props of nourishment,
 Would soon forsake us; for whose dear sake
 Many a grievous pain have I sustain'd
 By bitter pills, and four purgations,
 Which if I had not valiantly abidden,
 She had been long ere this departed.
 Since the whole *Microcosme* I maintain,
 Let me as Prince above the Senses reign.

COM.S. The reasons you urge *Gustus*, breed a
 new doubt whether it be better to be commodi-
 ous or necessary; the resolution whereof I refer to
 your judgement, licensing you mean while to de-
 part. (*Gustus leads his shew about the Stage, and
 goes out.*)

A C T U S. 4. S C E N A. 6.

*The bench as before: Tactus, a Page bearing his
 Scutcheon, a Tortisse fables.*

TAC. Ready anon forsooth? the Divil she will.
 Who would be toyl'd with wenches in a shew?

COM.S. What in such anger *Tactus*? what's
 the matter?

TAC. My Lord, I had thought as other Senses
 did,
 By sight of objects to have prov'd my worth;
 Wherefore considering that all the things
 That please me most, women are counted chief;
 I had

L I N G U A.

I had thought to have represented in my shew,
The Queen of pleasure, *Venus* and her Son,
Leading a Gentleman enamored,
With his sweet touching of his Mistresse lips,
And gentle griping of her tender hands,
And divers pleasant relishes of touch,
Yet all contained in the bounds of chastity.

PH. *Tacitus*, of all I long to see your objects;
How comes it we have lost those pretty sports?

TAC. Thus 'tis, five hours ago I set a dozen
maids to attire a boy like a nice Gentlewoman, but
there is such doing with their looking-glasses,
pinning, unpinning, setting, unsetting, formings
and conformings, painting blew vains, and
cheeks; such stir with Sticks and Combs, Casca-
nets, Dressings, Purles, Falles, Squares, Buskes,
Bodies, Scarffs, Neck-laces, Carcaners, Rebatoes,
Borders, Tires, Fans, Palizadoes, Puffs, Ruffs,
Cuffs, Muffs, Pusles, Fusles, Parclets, Frislets,
Bandlets, Fillets, Crollers, Pendulets, Amulets,
Annulets, Bracelets, and so many lets, that yet
she is scarce drest to the girdle; and now there's
such calling for Fardingales, Kirtlets, Busk-points,
Shoo-ties, &c. that seven Pedlers shops, nay all
Sturbridge Faire will scarce furnish her: a ship
is sooner rigd by farre, then a Gentlewoman made
ready.

PHA. 'Tis strange, that women being so muta-
ble, will never change in changing their appa-
rell?

LINGVA.

COM. S. Well let them passe ; *Tactus* we are
content, To know your dignity by relation.

TAC. The instrument of instruments the hand,
Courtesies index, Chamberlane to Nature,
The bodies Souldier, and mouths Caterer,
Pyssches great Secretarie, the dumbs eloquence ;
The blindmans Candle, and his forheads Buckler,
The minister of wrath, and friendships sign,
This is my instrument : nevertheless my power
Extends it self, far as our Queen commands,
Through all the parts and climes of *Microcosme*.
I am the root of life spreading my vertue
By sinews that extend from head to foot,
To every living part.

For as a subtile Spider clotely sitting,
In center of her web that spreddeth round,
If the least Flie but touch the smallest thred,
She feels it instantly ; so doth my self,
Casting my slender nerve and sundry nets,
Over every particle of all the body,
By proper skill perceive the difference,
Of several qualities, hot, cold, moist and drie ;
Hard, soft, rough, smooth, clammy and slippery
Sweet pleasure, and sharp pain profitable,
That makes us wounded seek for remedy ;
By these means do I teach the Body flie,
From such bad things as may indanger it ;
A wall of brasse can be no more defence,
Unto a town then I to *Microcosme* ;
Tell me what sense is not beholding to me ;

The

L I N G U A.

The nose is hot or cold, the eyes do weep ;
 The ears do feel, the tast's a kind of touching,
 That when I please, I can command them all,
 And make them tremble when I threaten them :
 I am the eldest, and biggest of all the rest,
 The chieftest note, and first distinction
 Betwixt a living tree and living beast ;
 For though one hear, and see, and smell, and tast,
 If he wants touch, he is counted but a block ?
 Therefore my Lord grant me the royalty ;
 Of whom there is such great necessity.
 COM. S. *Tadus* stand aside ; you firra *Anamnestes*
 Tell the Senses we expect their appearance.
 AN. At you Lordships pleasure ; *Exit Anamnestes.*

A C T U S. 4. S C E N A. 7.

COM. SEN. PHA. MEM. HEU. ANA. *Upon the
 bench consulting among themselves :* VIS. TAC:
 GUST. and OLF. *every one with his shield
 upon his arm ;* LINGUA and MENDACIO
with them.

COM. S. Though you deserve no small punish-
 ment for these uproars, yet at the request of these
 my assistants I remit it, and by the power of Judge-
 ment our gracious sovereign Psuche hath given
 me, Thus I determine of your controversies:
 hum ? By your former objects, instruments and
 reasons, I conceive the state of *Sense* to be divi-
 ded into two parts, one of commodity, the other

LINGVA.

of necessity, both which are either for our Queen or for our country; but as the Soul is more excellent then the Body, so are the *Senses* that profit the Soul to be estimated before those that are needful for the Body; *Visus* and *Auditus* serve your selves; Master *Register*, give me the crown; because it is better to be well, then simply to be; therefore I judge the crown by right to belong to you of the Commodities part, and the robe to you of the Necessities side: and since you *Visus* are the author of invention, and you *Auditus* of increase and addition to the same; seeing it is more excellent to invent, then to augment; I establish you *Visus* the better of the two, and chief of all the rest; in token whereof, I bestow upon you this crown to wear at your liberty.

Vis. I most humbly thank your Lordships.

Com. S. But lest I should seem to neglect you *Auditus*, I here chuse you to be the Lords Intelligencer to *Psuche* her Majesty, and you *Olfaetus*, we bestow upon you the chief Priesthood of *Microcosme*, perpetually to offer incense in her Majesties temple: As for you *Tactus*, upon your reasons aleaged, I bestow upon you the robes.

Tact. I accept it most gratefully at your just hands, and will wear it in the dear remembrance of your good Lordship.

Com. S. And lastly, *Gustus*, we elect you *Psuche* her onely Taster, and great Purveior for all her dominions, both by sea and land, in her realm, of *Microcosme*.

Gus.

L I N G U A.

Gus. We thank your Lordship, and rest well content with equal arbitrement.

Co.S. Now for you *Lingua*.

L I N. I beseech your Honour let me speak, I will neither trouble the company, nor offend your patience.

Co.S. I cannot stay so long; we have consulted about you, and finde your case to stand upon these terms and conditions. The number of the *Senses* in this little world is answerable to the first bodies in the great world: now since there be but five in the Universe, the four elements and the pure substance of the heavens, therefore there can be but five Senses in our *Microcosm*, correspondent to those, as the sight to the heavens, hearing to the air, touching to the earth, smelling to the fire, tasting to the water; by which five means only the understanding is able to apprehend the knowledge of all corporal substances: wherefore we judge you to be no *Sense* simply; onely thus much we from henceforth pronounce, that all women for your sake, shall have six *Senses*, seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling, touching, and the last and feminine sense, the sense of speaking.

Gus. I beseech your Lordships and your Assistants, (the only cause of our friendship) to grace my table with your most welcome presence this night at supper.

Co M.S. I am sorry I cannot stay with you, you know we may by no means omit our dayly attendance

L I N G U A.

tendance at the Court, therefore I pray you pardon us.

Gus. I hope I shall not have the denial at your hands my Masters, and you my Lady *Lingua*; come let us drown all our anger in a bowl of Hippocras.

Exeunt Sensus omnes exteriores.

COM.S. Come Master *Register*, shall we walk?

MEM. I pray you stay a little, let me see; ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

PHA. How now *Memory*, so merry? what do you trouble your self with two palties at once, shaking and laughing?

MEM. 'Tis a strange thing that men will so confidently oppose themselves against *Plato's* great year.

PHA. Why not?

MEM. 'Tis as true an opinion as need be; for I remember it very readily now, that this time 49000. years ago all we were in this very place, and your Lordship judg'd the very same controverſie, after the very same manner, in all respects, and circumstances alike.

COM.S. 'Tis wondrous strange!

ANA. By the same token you held your staff in your right hand, just as you do now, and Mr. *Phantastes* stood wondring at you, gaping as wide as you see him.

PHA. I, but I did not give you a box on the ear sirra 49000. years ago, did I? (snap)

ANA.

LINGUA.

ANA. I do not remember that Sir.

PHA. This time *Plato's* twelve month to come,
look you save your cheeks better.

CO.S. But what entertainment had we at Court
for our long staying?

MEM. Lets go, Ile tell you as we walk.

PHA. If I do not seem pranker now, then I did
in those days, Ile be hang'd.

Exeunt omnes interiores Sensus; manet Lingua.

ACTUS. 4. SCENA. 8.

LINGUA. MENDACIO.

LI. Why this is good by common Senses means;
Lingua, thou hast framed a perfect comedy,

They are all good friends whom thou mad'st ene-
(mies,

And I am half a Sense; a sweet piece of service,
I promise you a fair step to preferment.

Was this the care and labour thou hast taken,

To bring thy foes together to a banquet

To lose thy Crown, and be deluded thus?

Well now I see my cause is desperate,

The judgements past, sentence irrevocable;

Therefore Ile be content and clap my hands,

And give a *Plaudite* to their proceedings:

What shall I leave my hate begun imperfect,

So foully vanquish't by the spiteful Senses?

Shall I the Embassadress of gods and men,

L I N G U A.

That pull'd proud *Phæbe* from her brightsome
 (sphear,
 And dark'd *Apoll's* countenance with a word,
 Raising at pleasure storms, and winds, and earth-
 (quakes,
 Be overcrow'd, and breath without revenge?
 Yet they forsooth base slaves must be preferred,
 And deck themselves with my right ornaments;
 Doth the all-knowing *Phæbus* see this shame
 Without redresse? will not Heavens help me?
 Then shall Hell do it, my enchanting tongue
 Can mount the skies, and in a moment fall
 From the Pole Artick, to dark *Acberon*.
 Ile make them know mine anger is not spent,
Lingua hath power to hurt, and will to do it.
Mendacio, come hither quickly sirra.

M E N. Madam.

L I N G. Heark hither in thine ear.

M E N. Why do you wish thus? here's none to
 hear you.

L I N G. I dare not trust these secrets to the
 Earth, ere since she brought forth Reeds, whose
 babbling noise told all the world of *Midas* Asses
 ears, (*She whispers him in the ear*) Dost under-
 stand me?

M E N. I, I, I,---never fear that---there's a jest in-
 deed---pish, pish,---Madam---do you think me
 so foolish?---rut, tut, doubt not:

L I N G. Tell her if she do not.

M E N. Why do you make any question of it---
 what

L I N G U A.

what a stir is here ---I warrant you---presently?

Exit Mendacio?

L I N. Well, Ile to supper, and so closely cover
The rustie canker of mine Iron spight,
With golden foil of goodly semblances;

But if I do not trounce them--- *Exit Lingua.*

Finis A^{ct}. 4.

A^{ct}. 5. Scena. 1.

M E N D A C I O *with a Bottle in his band.*

M E N. My Lady *Lingua* is just like one of these
lean-witted *Comedians*, who disturbing all to
the first A^{ct}, bring down some *Mercuries* or *Jupi-*
ter in an Engine, to make all friends: So she,
but in a contrary manner, seeing her former plots
dispurposed, sends me to an old Witch called
Acrasia, to help to wreak her spight upon the
Senses; the old hag after many an incricled
circumstance, and often, naming of the direful
Hecate, and *Demogorgon*, gives me this bottle
of Wine mingled with such hellish druggs and
forcible words, that whosoever drinks of it shall
be presently posselt with an enraged and mad
kind of anger.

A^{CT}. 5.

LINGUA.

ACT. 5. SCENA. 2.

MENDACIO, CRAPULA, APPETITUS
crying.

ME ND. What's this *Crapula* beating *Appetitus* out of dores? ha!

CRAP. You filthy long Crane, you meager slave, will you kill our guests with blowing continuall hunger in them? (*tiffe, toffe, tiffe, toffe*) the Senses have overcharged their stomacks already, and you Sirra serve them up a fresh appetite with every new dish; they had burst their guts if thou hadst staid but a thought longer? (*tiffe, toffe, tiffe, toffe,*) be gon or Ile set thee away; begon ye gnaw-bone, raw-bone rascal.

ME ND. Then my devise is clean spoiled. *Appetitus* should have been as the bowle to present this medicine to the Senses, and now *Crapula* hath beaten him out of doors? what shall I do?

CRAP. Away Sirra, (*tiff toff, tiff, &c.*)

AP. Well *Crapula*, well, I have deserved better as your hands then so, I was the man you know first brought you into *Gustus's* service, I lin'd your guts there, and you use me thus? bnt grease a fat sow, &c.

CRAP. Dost thou talk (*tiff, toff*) hence, hence *tiff, tiff*, hence avaunt curre, avaunt you dog!

Exit Crapula.

AP.

LINGUA.

APP. The belching gor-belly hath wel-nigh kil'd me: I am shut out of doors finely; well this is my comfort, I may walk now in liberty at my own pleasure.

MEND. *Appetitus, Appetitus!*

AP. Ah *Mendacio, Mendacio.*

MEND. Why how now man, how now? how ist? canst not speak?

AP. Faith I am like a bag-pipe, that never sounds but when the belly is full.

MEND. Thou empty, and comest from a feast?

AP. From a fray, I tell thee *Mendacio*. I am now just like the Ewe that gave suck to a Wolfs whelp. I have nurs't up my fellow *Crapula* so long that he's grown strong enough to beat me.

MEND. And whether wilt thou goe, now thou art banisht out of service?

AP. Faith Ile travel to some Colledge or other in an Univerfity.

MEND. Why so?

AP. Because *Appetitus* is well beloved amongst Schollars, for there I can dine and sup with them, and rise again as good friends as we sat down, Ile thither questionless.

MEND. Hear'st thou? give me thy hand, by this hand I love thee; goe to then, thou shalt not forsake thy masters thus, I say thou shalt not.

AP. Alas I am very loth; but how shall I help it?

MEND. Why take this bottle of wine, come on,
go

LINGUA.

goe thy waies to them again.

AP. Ha, ha, ha, what good will this doe ?

MEND. This is the *Nepenthe* that reconciles the Gods : do but let the Senses taste of it, and fear not, they'l love thee as well as ever they did.

AP. I pray thee where hadst it ?

MEND. My Lady gave it me to bring her : *Mercury* stole it from *Hell* for her : thou knowest there were some jarres betwixt her and thy masters, and with this drink she would gladly wash out all the reliques of their agreement : Now because I love thee, thou shalt have the grace of presenting it to them, and so come in favour again.

AP. It smells well, I would fain begin to them.

MEND. Nay stay no longer lest they have slept before thou come.

AP. *Mendacio*, how shall I requite thy infinite curtesie ?

MEND. Nay, pray thee leave, go catch occasion by the foretop ; but hearst thou ? as soon as it is presented, round my Lady *Lingua* in the eare, and tell her of it.

AP. I will, I will, I will ; adue, adue, adue,

Exit Appetitus.

ACT. 5. SEN. 3.

MENDACIO *solus.*

MEN. Why this is better then I could have wisht
Fortune

L I N G U A.

Fortune I think is false in love with me,
 Answering so right mine expectation :
 By this time *Appetite* is at the Table.
 And with a lowly Cringe presents the Wine
 To his old Master *Gustus*; now he takes it,
 And drinks perchance to *Lingua*, she craftily
 Kisses the Cup, but lets not down a drop,
 And gives it to the rest; 'tis sweet, the'll swallow it,
 But when 'tis once descended to the stomach,
 And sends up noisome vapours to the Brain,
 'Twill make them swagger gallantly. the'll rage
 Most strangely, or *Acrasias* Art deceives her :
 When if my Lady stir her nimble tongue, (them,
 And closely sow contentious words amongst
 O what a stabbing there will be? what bleeding?

ACTUS 5. SCENA 4.

L I N G U A, M E N D A C I O.

L I N G. What art thou there *Mendacio* ? pretty rascal, Come let me kisse thee for thy good deserts.

M E N. Madam do'st take? have they all tasted it?

L I N. All, all and all are well nigh mad already:
 Oh how they stare, and swear, and fume, & brawl!
 Wrath gives them weapons; Pots & Candle-sticks,
 Join'd stools and Trenchers flie about the room,
 Like to the bloody banquet of the *Centaures* :

But all the sport is to see what several thoughts
 The

LINGUA.

The potions work in their imaginations.
For *Visus* thinks himself ; a ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

ACTUS. 3. SCENA. 5.

APPETITUS, MENDACIO, LINGUA.

AP. So-ho *Mendacio* ! so-ho, so-ho !

MEN. Madam, I doubt they come, yonder is *Appetitus*, you had best be gone, least in their outrage they should injure you. (*Exit Lingua*) How now *Hunger* ? how dost thou my fine May-pole, ha ?

AP. I may well be call'd a May-pole ; for the Senses do nothing but dance a morrice about me.

MEN. Why ? what ails them ? are they not (as I promised thee) friends with thee ?

AP. Friends with me ? nay rather frenzy ; I never knew them in such a case in all my life.

MEN. Sure they drank too much, and are mad for love of thee.

AP. They want common Sense amongst them, there's such a hurly burly, *Auditus* is stark deaf, and wonders why men speak so softly that he cannot hear them : *Visus* hath drunk himselfe stark blind, and therefore imagineth himself to be *Belyphemus* : *Tactus* is raging mad, and cannot be otherwise perswaded but he is *Hercules furens* ; there's such conceits amongst them.

ACT.

LINGUA.

ACT. 5. SCENA. 6:

VISUS. APPETITUS. MENDACIO.

VIS. O that I could but find the villain *Outis*,
Outis the villain that thus blinded me.

ME N. Who is this, *Visus*?

AP. I, I, I, otherwise called *Polyphemus*.

VIS. By heavens bright Sun, the days most
 glorious eye,

That lightneth all the world but *Polypheme*,
 And by mine eye that once was answerable
 Unto that Sun, but now's extinguished.

ME N. He can see to swear methinks.

VIS. If I but once lay hands upon the slave,
 That thus hath rob'd me of my dearest Jewel,
 Ile rend the Miscreant into a thousand pieces,
 And gnash his trembling members'twixt my teeth,
 Drinking his live-warm blood to satisfie
 The boyling thirst of pain and furiousnesse,
 That thus exasperates great *Polypheme*.

ME N. Pray thee *Appetitus* see how he grasps
 for that he would be loth to find.

AP. What's that, a stumbling-block?

VIS. These hands that whilom tore up sturdy
 (Oaks,

And rent the rock that dasht out *Acis* brains,
 Both in the stole-blisse of my *Galatea*,
 Serve now (oh misery) to no better use,

But

LINGUA.

But for bad guides to my unskilful feet,
Never accustomed thus to be directed.

MEN. As I am a Rogue he wants nothing but a wheel, to make him the true picture of Fortune; how sayst? what, shall we play at blind-man-buffe with him?

AP. I if thou wilt, but first Ile try whether he can see!

(woods,

VIS. Find me out *Outis*, search the rocks and The hills and dales, and all the Coasts adjoyning, That I may have him, and revenge my wrong.

AP. *Visus*, me thinks your eyes are well enough.

VIS. What's he that calls me *Visus*? dost not know?
(*They run about him, playing with him, and abusing him.*)

AP. To him *Mendacio*, to him, to him.

MEN. There, there *Appetitus*, he comes, he comes; ware, ware, he comes, ha, ha, ha, ha.

(*Visus stumbles, falls down, and sits still.*)

ACT. 5. SCENA 7.

MENDACIO, APPETITUS, TACTUS,
with a great black Jack in his hand.

MEN. Is this he that thinks himself *Hercules*?

AP. I, wilt see me out-swagger him?

MEN. I do, do, I love not to sport with such mad play-fellows; tickle him *Appetitus*, tickle him, tickle him.

Exit Mendacio.

TAC.

L I N G U A.

T A C. Have I not here the great and puissant
(Club,

Wherewith I conquered three-chopt *Cerberus*?

A P. Have I not here the sharp and warlike teeth,
That at one break-fast quaild thrice three hoggs
(faces?

T A C. And are not these *Alcides* brawny arms,
That rent the Lions jaws, and kill'd the boar?

A P. And is not this the Stomack that defeated
Nine yards of pudding, and a ranke of pyes?

T A C. Did not I crop the seaven-fold *Hydras* crest
And with a river clenfed *Augeas* stable?

A P. Did not I crush a seven-fold Custards crust,
And with my tongue swept a well furnish'd table?

T A C. Did not these feet and hands oretake and
(slay
The nimble Stag, and fierce impetuous bull?

A P. Did not this throat at one good meal de-
(vour,
That Stags sweet venison, and strong bulls beef?

T A C. Shall *Hercules* be thus disparaged?
Juno! you pouting quean, you lowring trull,
Take heed I take you not, for by *Joves* thunder
Ile be reveng'd. (Appetitus draws Visus
backward from Tactus.

A P. Why *Visus*, *Visus*, will you be kill'd? away,
away. Exit Visus.

T A C. Who have you here? see, see the Giant
(Cacus,

Draws an Oxe backward to his theevish den,
H Hath

LINGUA.

Hath this devise so long deluded me?
 Monster of men, *Cacus*, restore my cattel,
 Or instantly Ile crush thy idle Cox-comb,
 And dash thy doltish brains against thy Cave.

AP. *Cacus*, I *Cacus*? ha, ha, ha. *Tacitus*, you mistake me. I am yours to command, *Appetitus*.

TAC. Art *Appetitus*? Th'art so; run quickly villain, Fetch a whole Oxe to satisfie my stomach.

AP. Fetch an Ass to keep you company.

TAC. Then down to hell, tell *Pluto* Prince of
 (Divels

That great *Alcides* wants a kitchen wench
 To turn his spit; command him from my self
 To send up *Proserpine*, she'l serve the turn.

AP. I must finde you meat, and the Divel finde you Cooks. Which is the next way? (misse it;

TAC; Follow the beaten path thou canst not
 'Tis a wide Cause that conducteth thither,
 An easie tract, and down hill all the way;
 But if the black Prince will not send her quickly,
 But still detain her for his bed-fellow,
 Tell him Ile drag him from his iron-chair,
 By the steel tresses, and then sow him fast
 With the three furies in a lethern bag,
 Thus will drown them in the Ocean.

(He pours the Jack of beer upon *Appetitus*.)

AP. You had better keep him alive to light Tobacco-pipes, or to sweep chimneys.

TAC. Art thou not gone? nay then Ile send thy soul before thee, 'twill do thy message sooner
 (tiff, tiff.) AP.

L I N G U A.

AP. *Hercules, Hercules, Hercules*; do not you hear *Omphale*? Heark how she calls you, heark.

TAC. 'Tis she indeed, I know her sugred voice;
Omphale, dear Commandresse of my life
 My thoughts repose, sweet Center of my cares
 Where all my hopes and best desires take rest.
 Lo where the mighty Son of *Jupiter*
 Throws himself captive at your conquering feet,
 Do not disdain my voluntary humbleness,
 Accept my service, blesse me with commanding,
 I will perform the hardest imposition,
 And run through twelve new labours for thy sake
Omphale, dear commandresse of my life.

AP. Do you not see how she beckons to you to follow her? Look how she holds her distaff, look you?

TAC. Where is she gone, that I may follow her?
Omphale, stay, stay, take thy *Hercules*!

AP. There, there man, you are right. *Exit Tactus.*

ACT. 5. SCENE. 8.

APPETITUS, *Solus.*

AP. What a strange temper are the Senses in?
 How come their wits thus topsie turvy turn'd?
Hercules, Tactus, Visus, Polypheme,
 Two goodly fun names have they purchased:
 By the rare Ambrosian of an Oyster pie;
 They have got such proud imaginations,

LINGUA.

That I could wish I were mad for company ;
But since my fortunes cannot stretch so high,
Ile rest contented with this wife estate.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 9.

APPETITUS, AUDITUS, with a Candlestick.

AP. What, more anger? *Auditus* got abroad too?

AUD. Take this abuse at base *Olfactus* hands !

What did he challenge me to meet me here
And is not come ? well Ile proclaim the slave
The vilest dastard that ere broke his word ;
But stay, yonder's *Appetitus*.

AP. I pray you *Auditus* what ails you ?

AUD. Ha, ha !

AP. What ails you ?

AUD. Ha ! what sayst thou ?

AP. Who hath abused you thus ?

AUD. Why dost thou whisper thus ? Canst not
speak out ?

AP. Save me, I had clean forgotten ; why are
you so angry *Auditus* ?

AUD. Bite us, who dares bite us ?

AP. I talke of no biting, I say, what's the matter
between *Olfactus* and you ?

AUD. Will *Olfactus* bite me ? do if he dares,
would he would meet me here according to his
promise : Mine ears are somewhat thick of late, I
pray thee speak out louder.

AP.

LINGUA.

A.P. Ha, ha, ha, ha, this is fine in faith ; ha ha, ha.
Hear you, have you lost your ears at Supper.

AUD. Excellent chear at supper, I confesse it :
But when 'tis sawe'd wi h sowre contentions,
And breeds such quarrels 'tis intolerable.

A.P. Pish, pish, this is my question. Hath your
supper spoil'd your hearing?

AUD. Hearing at supper, tel not me of hearing:
But if thou sawest *Olfactus*, bring me to him.

A.P. I ask you whether you have lost your hearing?

AUD. O, dost hear them ring? what a grief is
(this

Thus to be deaf, and lose such harmony?
Wretched *Auditus* now shalt thou never hear
The pleasing changes that a well tuned Cord
Of trowling bells will make, when they are rung.

A.P. Hee's a do indeed, I think he is mad, as
well as drunk or deaf.

AUD. Ha, what's that?

A.P. I say, you have made me hoarse with speak-
ing so loud.

AUD. Ha, what sayst thou of a creaking Croud?

A.P. I am hoarie I tell you, and my head akes.

AUD. Oh, I understand thee, the first croud was
(made of a horse-head.

'Tis true, the finding of a dead horse-head,
Was the first invention of string instruments,
Whence rose the Gittern, Vial, and the Lute :
Though other think the Lute was first devis'd
In imitation of a Tortoise back,

L I N G U A.

Whose sinews parched by Apollo's beames,
 Ecchoed about the concave of the shell ;
 And seeing the thortest and smallest gave shrillest
 (sound ;
 They found out frets whose sweet diversity
 (Well couched by the skill-full learned fingers)
 Raifeth so strange a multitude of Cords :
 Which their opinion many do confirme,
 Because *Tesiudo* signifies a Lute.
 But if I by no means. —————

AP. Nay if you begin to criticke once, we
 shall never have done. *Exit Appetitus* and
 carries away *Auditus* perforce.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 10.

C R A P U L A a fat bellied slave, cloathed in a light
 vail of *Sarsnet*, a Garland of vine-leaves on his
 head, &c. **S O M N U S** in a mantle of black *Cob-*
web-lanne, down to the foot over a dusby coloured
 taffata Coat, and a Crowne of poppy tops on his
 head, a company of dark coloured silk scarfs in one
 hand, a Mace of Poppey in the other, leaning his
 head upon a pillow on *Crapula's* shoulders.

C R A. *Somnus*, good *Somnus*, sweet *Somnus*, come
 (a pace!

S O M Hei-oh, oh, are you sure they be so? oho,
 ho, oho, hei, waw?
 What good can I do? cu, hoh, hawe.

C R A.

L I N G U A.

CR. Why I tell you unlesse you help (*Somnus falls down and sleeps.*)

Soft son of night, right heir to Quietnesse,
 Labours repose, lifes best restorative,
Digestions careful Nurse, blouds Comforter,
 Wits help, thoughts charm, the stay of *Microcosme*,
 Sweet *Somnus* chiefeſt enemy to Care :
 My deareſt friend, liſt up thy lumpiſh heap,
 Ope thy dull eyes, ſhake of this drowſineſs ;
 Rowe up thy ſelf.

SOMNUS. O *Crapula*, how now, how now, oh
 oh howe, whoſe there ?

Crapula ſpeak quickly, what's the matter ?

CR. As I told you, the noble Senſes peers of
 Will eſt-ſoon fall to ruin perpetual, (*Microcosme*,
 Unleſſe your ready helping hand recure them :
 Lately they banqueted at *Guſtus* table,
 And there ſel mad, or drunk, I know not whether,
 So that it's doubtful in theſe outrageous fits,
 That the'le murder one another.

SOM. Fear it not if they have ſcaped already,
 Bring me to them, or them to me,
 Ile quickly make them know the power
 Of my large ſtretcht authoritie.
 Theſe cords of ſleep wherewith I wont to bind,
 The ſtrongest armes that ere reſiſted me,
 Shall be the means, whereby I will correct,
 The Senſes outrage, and diſtemperature.

CR. Thanks gentle *Somnus*, Ile go ſeek them out,
 And bring them to you ſoon as poſſible.

LINGUA.

SOM. Dispatch it quickly, lest I fall a sleep for want of work. (yonder.

CR. Stand still, stand still? *Visus* I think comes If you think good, begin and bind him first: For he made fast, the rest will soon be quiet.

Exit Crapula.

ACT. 5. SCEN. II.

Visus, Somnus.

Vis. Sage *Telemus*, I now too late admire,
Thy deep fore-sight and skill in Prophecie;
Who whilome toldst me, that in time to come
Ulysses should deprive me of my sight.
And now the slave that marcht in *Outis* name,
Is prov'd *Ulysses*; and by this device,
Hath scapt my hands, and fled away by Sea,
Leaving me desolate in eternal night.
Ah wretched *Polypheme*, where's all thy hope,
And longing for thy beauteous *Galatea*?
She scornd thee once, but now she will detest,
And loath to look upon thy darkned face:
Aye me most miserable *Polyphemus*.
But as for *Ulysses*, heaven and earth
Send vengeance ever on thy damned head
In just revenge of my great injury.

Somnus binds him.

Who is he that dares to touch me? *Cyclops* come?
Come all ye *Cyclop*'s help to rescue me.

Somnus charms him, he sleeps.

SOM.

L I N G U A.

SOM. There rest thy self, and and let thy quiet
sleep, Restore thy imaginations.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 12.

L I N G U A, S O M N U S, V I S U S.

(with this sport.

LIN. Ha, ha, ha : oh how my spleen is rickled
The madding *Senses* make about the woods,
It cheers my soul and makes my body fat,
To laugh at their mischances, ha, ha, ha, ha,
Heigh ho, the stitch hath caught me, oh my heart !
Would I had one to hold my sides a while,
That I might laugh a fresh : oh how they run,
And chafe, and swear, and threaten one another!

Somnus binds her.

Ay me, out alas, ay me help, help, who's this that
(binds me ?
Help *Mendacio*, *Mendacio* help, here's one will
(ravish me.

SOM. *Lingua* content your selfe you must be
(bound.

LING. What a spight's this ? are my nailes
par'd so neer ? Can I not scratch his eyes out ?
What have I done ? what ? do you mean to kill
me ? murder, murder murder, (*she falls a sleep.*)

ACT. 5.

LINGUA.

ACTUS. 5. SCEN. 13.

GUSTUS *with a voiding knife in his band,*
SOMNUS, LINGUA, VISUS.

GUST. Who cries out murder! What a woman
My Lady *Lingua* dead? oh Heavens unjust (slain?
Can you behold this fact, this blouby fact!
And shower not fire upon the murderer?
Ah peerless *Lingua* mistress of heavenly words,
Sweet tongue of eloquence, the life of fame,
Heart's dear enchantress: what disaster fates
Have reft this Jewel from our Commonwealth!
Gustus the rubie that adornes thy ringe,
Loe here defect, how shalt thou lead thy daies,
Wanting the sweet Companion of thy life?
But in dark sorrow and dull melancholie.
But stay, whose this? inhumane wretch.
Bloud-thirsty miscreant, is this thy handy work?
To kill a woman, a harmelesse Ladie?
Villain prepare thy self, draw, or Ile sheath my
faucheon in thy sides.
There take the guerdon fit for murderers.

*Gustus offers to run at Somnus, but being
suddainly charmed fall's a sleep.*

SOM. Heer's such a stir I never knew the Senses
in such disorder.

LING. Ha, ha, ha; *Mendacio, Mendacio*? See
how *Visus* hath broke his fore-head against the
oak yonder, ha, ha, ha, ha. SOM.

LINGUA.

SOM. How now? Is not *Lingua* bound sufficiently? I have more trouble to make one woman sleep, then all the world besides, they be so full of tattle.

ACTUS 5. SCENA 14.

Somnus, Crapula, (*Lingua, Visus, Gustus,*) *Auditus, pulling Olfactus by the nose, and Olfactus wringing Auditus by the ears.*

AUD. Oh mine ears, mine ears, mine ears.

OLF. Oh my nose, my nose, my nose.

CRAP. Leave, leave at length these base contentions, *Olfactus* let him go?

OLF. Let him first loose my nose.

CRAP. Good *Auditus* give over.

AUD. Ile have his life that sought to kill me.

SOM. Come, come, ile end this quarrel, bind him
Crapula. *They bind them both.*

ACT. 5. SEN. 15.

Tactus with a robe in his hand, Somnus, Crapula, Lingua, Gustus, Olfactus, Visus, Auditus.

(brance,

TAC. Thanks *Deianeira* for thy kind remembrance,
Tis a fair shirt, Ile weare it for thy sake.

CRAP. *Somnus* here's *Tactus* worse then all his fellows,

Stay

LINGUA.

Stray but a while, and you shall see him rage.

SOM. What will he doe? see that he scape us not.

TACT. Tis a good shirt, it fits me passing well,
Tis very warm indeed, but what's the matter?
Me thinks I am somewhat hotter then I was,
My heart beats faster then 'twas wont to do.
My brains enflames, my temples ake extreemly,
oh, oh,

Oh what a wild-fire creeps among my bowels:
Aetna's within my breast, my marrow fries,
And runs about my bones; oh my sides:
My sides, my raines, my head, my rains, my head;
My heart, my heart, my liver, my liver, oh,
I burn, I burn, I burn, oh how I burn,
With scorching heat of implacable fire,
I burn extream with flames insufferable.

SOM. Sure he doth but try how to act *Hercules*.
(heavens

TACT. Is it this shirt that boyls me thus? oh
It fires me worse, and heats more furiously
Then *Joves* dire thunderbolts; oh miserable,
They bide lesse pain that bathe in *Phlegeton*.
Could not the tripple kingdom of the world,
Heaven, earth, and hell destroy great *Hercules*?
Could not the damned sprights of hatefull *Juno*,
Nor the great dangers of my labours kill me?
Am I the mighty son of *Jupiter*?
And shall this poysond linnen thus consume me?
Shall I be burnt? villains fly up to Heaven,

Bid

L I N G U A.

Bid *Iris* muster up a troop of clouds,
And shewre down catarracts of rain to cool me,
Or else Ile break her speckled bow in pieces :
Will she not ? no, she hates me like her Mistressse :
Why then discend you rogues to the vile deep,
Fetch *Neptune* hither, charge him bring the Sea
To quench these flames, or else the worlds fair
(frame

Will be in greater danger to be burnt,
Then when proud *Phaeton* rul'd the Suns rich
(Chariot.

SOM. Ile take that care, the world shall not be
(burnt :
If *Somnus* cords can hold you. (*Somnus binds him.*

TACT. What Vulcan's this that offers to in-
(chain
A greater souldier then the god of *Mars* ?

SOM. He that each night with bloudlesse bat-
(tail conquers
The proudest conqueror that triumphs by wars.

CRA. Now *Somnus*, there's but only one re-
maining that was the Author of these outrages.

SOM. Who's that ? is he under my command ?

CRA. Yes, yes, yes, 'tis *Appetitus* ; if you go
that way, and look about those thickets, Ile go
hither and search this grove, I doubt not but to
find him.

SOM. Content.

Exit *Soranus* & *Crapula*.

ACT.

LINGUA.

ACT: 5: SCEN. 16.

*Appetitus, Irrascibilis, with a willow in his hand
puld up by the roots. Somnus, Crapula.*

The Senses all asleep.

AP. So now's the time that I would gladly meet
These madding *Senses* that abus'd me thus ;
What? haunt me like an owle? make an *As* of me?
No they shall know I scorn to serve such masters
As cannot master their affections,
Their injuries have changed my nature,
Now Ile be no more called hungry paralite ;
But henceforth answer to the wrathful name
Of angry *Appetite*, my choller's up ;
Zephyrus cool me quickly with thy fan,
Or else Ile cut thy cheeks ; why this is brave,
Far better then to faun at *Gustus* table
For a few scraps ; no, no such words as these,
By *Pluto* stab the villain, kill the slave ;
By the infernal hags Ile hough the rogue,
And paunch the rascal that abus'd me thus,
Such words as these fit angry *Appetite*.

Enter CRAPULA.

CR A. *Somnus, Somnus*, come hicher, come hither quickly, he's here, he's here.

AP. I marry is he sirra, what of that? base
miscreant *Crapula*,

CR A. O gentle *Appetitus*.

AP.

L I N G U A.

AP. You muddy gulche, darst look me in the
face while mine eyes sparkle with revengeful fire?
(tiff, toff, tiff, toff.)

CRA. Good *Appetitus*.

AP. Peace you fat bawson, peace, (tiff, toff, tiff,
toff.)

Seest not this fatal engine of my wrath?
Villain, Ile maul thee for thine old offences,
And grind thy bones to powder with this pestle:
You when I had no weapons to defend me,
Could beat me out of dores; but now prepare,
Make thy self ready, for thou shalt not escape.
Thus doth the great revengeful *Appetite*,
Upon his fat foe, wreak his wrathful spite.

*Appetitus beaveth up his club to brain
Crapula, but Somnus in the mean
time, catcheth him behind and binds him.*

SOM. Why how now *Crapula*?

CRA. Am I not dead? is not my soul departed?

SOM. No, no, see where he lies, that would
have hurt thee? fear nothing?

*Somnus laies the Senses all in a circle, feet
to feet, and wasts his wand over them.*

So rest you all in silent quietness,
Let nothing wake you till the power of sleep,
With his sweet dew, cooling your brains inflam'd
Hath rectified the vain and idle thoughts,
Bred by your surfeit, and distemperature:
Loe here the Senses late outrageous,
All in a rownd together sleep like friends,

For

LINGUA.

For ther's no difference twixt the King and
(Clown,

The poor and rich, the beauteous and deformed,
Wrapt in the vail of night, and bonds of sleep,
Without whose power and sweet dominion,
Our life were Hell, and pleasure painfulness,
The sting of envy, and the dart of love,
Avarice talons, and the fire of hate :
Would poison, wound, distract, and soon consume,
The heart, the liver, life, and mind of man ;
The sturdy Mower, that with brawny armes
Wieldeth the crooked sith, in many a swath,
Cutting the flowry pride on the velvet plain,
Lies down at night, and in the weary folds
Of his wives armes, forgets his labour past.
The painful Marriner, and careful Smith,
The toiling Plowman, all Artificers,
Most humbly yield to my dominion,
Without due rest nothing is durable.
Loe thus doth *Somnus* conquer all the world
With his most awful wand, and half the year
Raigns over the best and proudest Emperours.
Onely the nurslings of the Sisters nine,
Rebels against me, scorn my great command :
And when dark night from her bedewy wings
Drops sleepy silence to the eyes of all,
They onely wake, and with unwearied toil,
Labour to find the *Via lactea*
That leads to the Heaven of immortality ;
And by the lofty towring of their mind,

Fledgd

LINGUA.

Fledgd with the feathers of a learned muse,
They raise themselves unto the highest pitch,
Marrying base earth and heaven in a thought;
But thus I punish their rebellion,
Their industry was never yet rewarded,
Better to sleep then wake and toyl for nothing.
Exeunt Somnus & Crapula.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 17.

The five Senses, Lingua, Appetitus, all asleep, and dreaming, Phantastes, Heuresis.

AUD. So ho Rocwood, so ho Rocwood, Rocwood, your Organ, hay Chanter, Chanter, by *Adeons* head-tyre it's a very deep mouth'd dog, a most admirable cry of hounds; look here again, again, there, there, there, ah ware counter.

VIS. Do you see the full Moon yonder, and not the man in it? why methinks 'tis too, too evident, I see his dog very plain, and look you, just under his tail is a Thorn-bush of Furs.

GUS. 'Twill make a fine tooth-pick: that Larks heel there, O do not burn it.

PH. Boy, *Heuresis*, what think'st thou I think when I think nothing?

HEU. And it please you Sir, I think you are devising how to answer a man that asks you nothing.

PH. Well gest boy, but yet thou mistook'st it,
for

L I N G U A.

for I was thinking of the constancy of women. (*Appetitus snoars aloud.*) Beware sirra, take heed, I doubt me there's some wild Boar lodgeth here-about; how now? methinks these be the Senses, ha? in my conceit the elder brother of death has kist them.

T A C. Oh, oh, oh, I am stab'd, I am stab'd, hold your hand, oh, oh, oh.

P H. How now? do they talk in the sleep? are they not awake *Heuresis*?

H E U. No questionlesse, they be all fast asleep.

Gus. Eat not too many of those Apples, they be very flative?

O L F. Foh, foh, beat out this Dog here, foh, was it you *Appetitus*?

Aud. In faith it was most sweetly winded, whosoever it was, the warble is very good, and the horn is excellent.

T A C. Put on man, put on, keep your head warm, 'tis cold.

P H. Ha, ha, ha, ha, st, *Heuresis*, stir not sirra.

A P. Shut the door, the pot runs over; sirra Cook, that will be a sweet Pasty if you nibble the venison so?

Gus. Say you so, is a Marrow Pye the *Helena* of meats? give me't, if I play not *Paris* hang me; Boy, a clean Trencher?

A P. Serve up, serve up; this is a fat Rabbet, would I might have the maiden-head of it; come give me the fish there; who hath medled with these maids? ha?

O L F.

L I N G U A .

OLF. Fie, shut your Snuffers closer for shame,
'tis the worst smell that can be.

TAC. O the cramp, the cramp, the cramp, my
leg, my leg.

LING. I must abroad presently, reach me my
best Necklace presently.

PH. Ah *Lingua*, are you there?

AUD. Here, take this Rope, and Ile help the
leader close with the second Bell: Fie, fie, there
is a goodly peal clean spoild.

VIS. Ile lay my life that Gentlewoman is
painted: well, well, I know it, mark but her nose,
do you not see the complection crack out, I must
confesse 'tis a good picture.

TAC. Ha, ha, ha, fie, i pray you leave, you
tickle me so, oh, ah, ha, ha, take away your hands,
I cannot endure, ah, you tickle me, ah, ha, ha, ha, ah.

VIS. Hai, rett, rett, rett, now bird, now --- look
about that bush, she trust her thereabout, -- here
she is, ware wing Cater, ware wing, avaunt.

LING. Mum, mum, mum, mum.

PH. st, sirra take heed you wake her not.

HEU. I know Sir she's fast asleep, for her mouth
is shut.

LING. This 'tis to venture upon such uncer-
tainti-s, to lose so rich a Crown to no end, well,
well.

PH. Ha, ha, ha, we shall hear anon where she
lost her maiden-head, st, boy, my Lord Vicege-
rent, and Master Register are hard by, run quickly,

LINGUA.

tell them of this accident, with them come softly.

Exit Heuresis.

LING. *Mendacio*, never talk farther, I doubt 'tis past recovery, and my Robe likewise, I shall never have them again, well, well.

PH. How? her Crown, and her Robe, never recover them? hum, wast not said to be left by *Memory*? ha? I conjecture here's some knavery--fast lockt with sleep, in good faith. Was that Crown and Garment yours *Lingua*?

LING. I marry were they, and that some body hath felt, and shall feel more, if I live.

PHA. O strange; she answers in her sleep to my question; but how come the Senses to strive for it?

LING. Why, I laid upon purpose in their way, that they might fall together by the ears.

PHA. What a strange thing is this?

ACT. 5. SCEN. 18.

The Senses, Appetitus & Lingua a sleep. Phantastes, Communis Sensus, Memoria, Anamnestes.

PHA. ft, my Lord, softly, softly, here's the notablest piece of treason discovered, how say you *Lingua* set all the Senses at odds, she hath confest it to me in her sleep.

CHM. S. Ist possible Master Register! did you ever know any talk in their sleep?

MEM.

L I N G U A.

MEM. I remember my Lord many have done so very oft, but women are troubled, especially with this talking disease, many of them have I heard answer in their dreams, and tell what they did all day awake.

ANAM. By the same token, there was a wanton maid, that being askt by her Mother, what such a one did with her so late one night in such a room, she presently said, that--

MEM. Peace you vild rake hell, is such a jest fit for this company, no more I say sirra.

PH. My Lord will you believe your own ears, you shall hear her answer me, as directly and truly as may be. *Lingua*, what did you with the Crown and Garments.

LING. Ile tell thee *Mendacio*.

PH. She thinks *Mendacio* speaks to her, mark now, mark how truly she will answer: what say you Madam?

LING. I say *Phantastes* is a foolish transparent gull: a meer fanatick nupson in my imagination not worthy to sit as a Judges assistant.

COM. S. Ha, ha, ha, how truly and directly she answers.

PHA. Faw, faw, the dreams now, she knows not what she saies, Ile trie her once again: Madame? what remedy can you have for your great losses?

LING. O are you come *Acrasia*? welcome, welcome, boy reach a Cushion sit down good *Acrasia*: I am so beholding to you, your potion

LINGUA.

wrought exceedingly, the senses were so mad, did not you see how they raged about the woods?

COM. S. Hum, *Acrasia*? is *Acrasia* her confederate? my life that Witch hath wrought some villany, ———

Lingua riseth in her sleep, and walketh.
How's this? is she asleep? have you seen one walk thus before?

MEM. It is a very common thing, I have seen many sick of a Peripatetick disease.

ANA. By the same token my Lord, I knew one that went abroad in his sleep, bent his bow, shot at a Magpie, kild her, fetcht his arrow, came home, lockt the dores, and went to bed again.

COM. S. What should be the reason of it?

MEM. I remember *Scalliger* told me the reason once; as I think thus: The nerves that carry the moving faculty, from the brains, to the thighs, legs, feet, and armes, are wider far then the other nerves; wherefore they are not so easily stopt with the vapours of sleep, but are night and day ready to perform what fancy shall command them.

COM. S. It may be so, but *Pbantastes* enquire more of *Acrasia*.

PHA. What did you with with the potion *Acrasia* made you.

LIN. Gave it to the Senses, and made them as mad as --- well, If I cannot recover it ---- let it go, Ile not leave them thus.

She

L I N G U A.

She lies down again.

CON.S. Boy awake the Senses there.

AN. Hoe, hoe, *Auditus*, up, up, so hoe, *Olfactus* have at your nose, up *Visus*, *Gustus*, *Tactus*, up : What can you not feel a pinch ? have at you with a pin.

TAC. Oh, you stab me, oh.

COM. S. *Tactus* , know you how you came hither ?

TAC. No my Lord, not I ; this I remember,
We sup't with *Gustus*, and had wine good store,
Whereof I think I tasted liberally.
Among the rest, we drunk a composition,
Of a most delicate, and pleasant relish,
That made our brains, somewhat irregular.

A C T U S. 4. S C E N A. 7.

The Senses awake, Lingua, a sleep, Communis Sensus, Memory, Anamnetes, Heuresis drawing Crapula.

HEU. My Lord, here's a fat rascal was lurking in a bush very suspiciously, his name he saies is *Crapula*.

COM. S. Sirrah, speak quickly what you know of these troubles.

CRA. Nothing my Lord, but that the Senses were mad, and that *Somnus* at my request laid them a sleep, in hope to recover them.

LINGUA.

COM. S. Why then tis too evident, *Acrasia* at *Lingua's* request, bewitcht the Senses, wake her quickly *Heuresis*.

LIN. Heigh ho, out alas, aye me, where am I? how came I here? where am I? ah.

COM. S. *Lingua* look not so strangely upon the matter, you have confest in your sleep, that with a Crown, and a Robe, you have disturb'd the Senses, using a crafty help to enrage them, can you deny it?

LIN. Aye mee, most miserable wretch, I beseech your Lordship forgive me.

COM. S. No, no, tis a fault unpardonable.
(*He consults with Memory.*)

PHAN. In my conceit *Lingua*, you should seal up your lips, when you go to bed, these Feminine tongues be so glib.

COM. S. *Visus*, *Tactus*, and the rest, our former sentence concerning you, we confirm as irrevocable, and establish the Crown to you *Visus*, and the Robe to you *Tactus*, but as for you *Lingua* ———

LIN. Let me have mine own, howsoever you determine, I beseech you.

COM. S. That may not be, your goods are fallen into our hands, my sentence cannot be recall'd, you may see, those that seek what is not theirs, oftentimes loose what's their own: Therefore *Lingua* granting you your life, I commit you to close Prison, in *Gustus* his house, and charge

you

L I N G U A.

you *Gustus*, to keep her under the custody of two strong dotes, and every day till she come to 80. years of age, see she be well guarded with 30. tall watchmen, without whose license she shall by no means wag abroad; nevertheless use her Lady-like, according to her estate.

PHAN. I pray you my Lord add this to the judgement, that whensoever she obtaineth license to walk abroad, in token the Tongue was the cause of her offence, let her wear a velvet hood, made just in the fashion of a great Tongue, in my conceit 'tis a very pritty Embleme of a Woman.

TAC. My Lord, she hath a vild boy to her Page, a chief agent in this Treason, his name's *Mendacio*.

CON.S. Ha? well, I will inflict this punishment on him for this time, let him be soundly whipt, and ever after though he shall strengthen his speeches with the sinews of Truth, yet none shall believe him.

PHA. In my imagination my Lord, the Day is dead to the great toe, and in my conceit it growes dark, by which I conjecture it will be cold; and therefore in my fancy, and opinion, 'tis best to repair to our Lodgings.

*Exeunt omnes, præter
Anamnestes & Appetitus.*

Act.

LINGUA.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 20.

Anamnestes., *Appetitus a sleep in a corner.*

ANA. What's this? a fellow whispering so closely with the Earth? so ho, so ho: *Appetitus?* faith now I think *Morpheus* himself hath been here, up with a pox to you, up you luske, I have such news to tell thee sirra: all the Senses are well, and *Lingua* is proved guilty, up, up, up, I never knew him so fast a sleep in my life.

(Appetitus snorts.)

Nay then have at you a fresh, (tiff, toff, tiff, toff.)

APP. Jog me once again, and Ile throw this whole messe of pottage in your face, cannot one stand quiet at the dresser for you?

ANA. Ha, ha, I think it's impossible for him to sleep longer then he dreams of his victuals. What *Appetitus*, up quickly, quickly up, *Appetitus*, quickly sirra, (toff, toff, toff, toff.)

APP. Ile come presently, but I hope youle stay till they be roasted, will you eat them raw?

ANA. Roasted? ha, ha, ha, ha, up, up, away.

APP. Reach the sauce quickly, here's no Sugar, whaw, wam, oh, oh, ou, oh.

ANA. What never wake? (Tiff, toff, tiff, toff,) wilt never be? Then I must trie another way I see.

Epilo.

Epilogus.

JUdicious Friends, it is so late at night,
I cannot waken hungry Appetite :
Then since the cloase upon his rising stands,
Let me obtain this at your courteous hands,
Trie if the friendly opportunity,
Of your good will and gracions Plauditie,
With the thrice welcome murmur it shal keep
Can beg this prisoner from the bands of sleep.

Upon the Plaudite *Appetitus* awakes,
and runs in after *Anamnestes*

F I N I S.